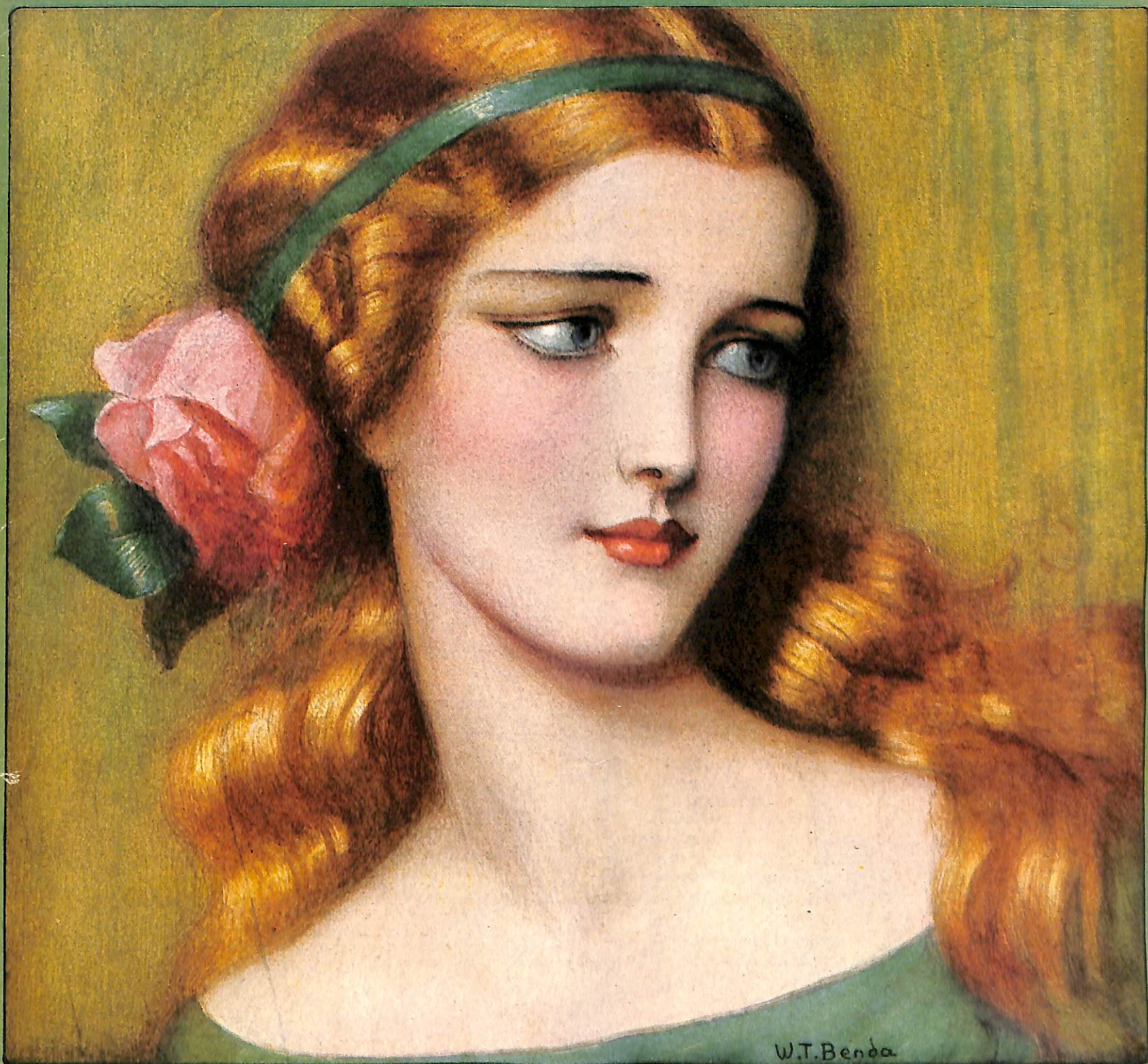


DEC
1928

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



W.T. Benda

THE SUPREME SIX

by OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ALSO ZACK CARTWRIGHT~
NALBRO BARTLEY~ *and others*

ACACIA defines its position to the Fraternity

ACACIA is a life insurance Association limited by its Charter to Master Masons. It is not affiliated with nor sponsored by the Masonic Fraternity. Its insurance is sold strictly on its merits—low rates and low net cost plus service.

ACACIA'S Charter, granted by Special Act of Congress, states: "Membership in the Association shall be limited to Master Masons. It shall forever be conducted for the mutual benefit of its members and their beneficiaries and not for profit."

ACACIA is more than a life insurance company, it is an institution owned and controlled by its members for their mutual benefit and advantage, where every member receives benefits in proportion to what he pays, and while protecting himself and his loved ones, he is at the same time systematically contributing to the relief of the widows and orphans of those members who pass away before him.

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DECEMBER, 1928

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THE SUPREME SIX

By Octavus Roy Cohen

THE pose of prominent and successful business man was nothing new to such international crooks as Tony Darrell or Walter Black—but they were actually

beginning to like their rôles as automobile magnates—when Jim Hanvey, the greatest of all detectives, sent in his card! Read "The Supreme Six" by Octavus Roy Cohen in this issue.

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SHRINERS HOSPITALS
for
CRIPPLED CHILDREN

Official Publication of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America

Edgar Sisson, Editor

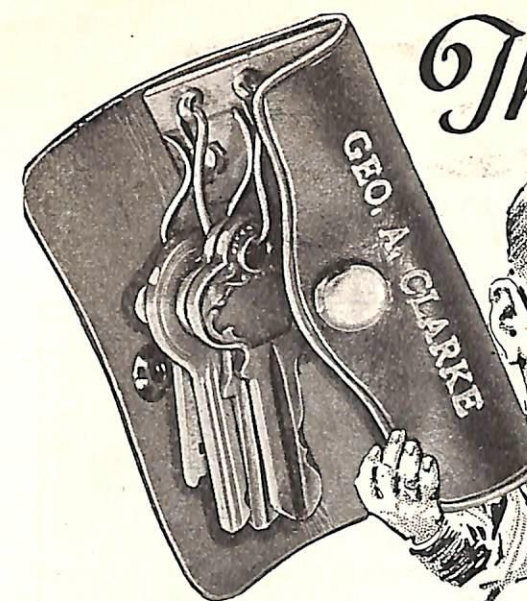
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What the HOSPITALS Are Doing



(Snapping a bashful patient at Kosair's own Unit.)

TRY to imagine a school where the pupils ask the teacher to stay after closing time to impart more information or dole out more material for handicraft work; where the boys wax so enthusiastic in manual training class that they take off their ties and sacrifice them to the art of making kites and kite tails; where the pupils love the life so much, even though it is in a hospital and they are patients, that a little girl is so happy as to declare "I never want to go home."

Moreover, say to yourself "and besides, all this is free." Posing such fantasies to yourself, you are likely to say back to yourself:

"Ah, heck, there ain't such a place."

Unless, of course, you are a Noble who takes a personal interest in the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, toward the support of which you contribute your mite to the \$1,200,000 which the Order spends annually on the upkeep of the ten hospitals and five mobile units, from New England in the East to the Hawaiian Islands in the West and from Chicago on the North to Greenville, South Carolina, on the south.

These incidents occurred in the hospital in Springfield, Massachusetts, but are typical of all the



(Mrs. Main and some of her pupils in the classroom of the Springfield Shriners Hospital.)



(Clarence Hutchinson, a discharged patient from Kosair Unit.)

others. Multiply them by fifteen and you get an approximation of what goes on in all of them and catch a glimpse from perhaps a new angle of the great good that is being done for children.

The hope of the world is its children. The only hope the world will get better lies in the new generation that it brings forth, nurtures, trains, and points toward the goal.

How sad, then, is the plight of a child handicapped by deformities and

and perhaps successful career "like other people."

In the Springfield Hospital, of which Dr. Hatt is chief surgeon, the teacher who hits it off well with the patients is Mrs. Evelyn R. Main. Owing to the peculiar conditions, there can be no set routine, or even regular school hours. Instruction varies from small group classes of the "up patients" to private lessons at bedsides. Even with the "up patients" all is not easy. Some can walk unaided, others are on crutches. Many can hobble to wheel chairs and so ride to class. Frequently they must have their beds rolled out of the wards to the class room or corridor. There is Charlie, for instance. He has to lie flat on his back. [Continued on page 49]

HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

The following table is made up of the combined figures of all the fifteen Hospital Units for the month of Sept., 1928, and shows the extent of the work accomplished during that period:

Number of new patients admitted	223
Number of patients discharged—cured, or benefited.....	218
Number of beds occupied by patients	817
Number on waiting list.....	1753

no money in the house to pay for a cure.

But how happy the parents who see their afflicted one made strong and well by the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

And how happy these children themselves, the fortunate few who are reached on the long waiting lists before it is too late, and for whom in time "life is one, grand sweet song" when at last the handicap that blocked their hope for the future is removed, and they can plan a normal

DECEMBER, 1928



How, after 12 years' hard work as a railroad brakeman, I got into real estate, and now make more in a month than I used to make in a year.

By L. C. CLARKE
(Address furnished on request)

FOR TWELVE YEARS I was a brakeman on the Mohawk Division of the New York Central. During that time my wages averaged exactly \$638.40 a year.

Then I got started in the real estate business, and during the past year I made one sale that gave me a commission of \$4,500, which is more than I made on the railroad in seven years of hard work.

And I don't feel that I have done anything wonderful—anything the other fellow can't do if he will, I simply got into the right kind of business—a business of big opportunities—a business where big money is made.

You—who are reading these words—can do what I have done if you have a mind to. You don't need education, experience, capital or influence. I didn't have any of these things.

I had to leave school when I was thirteen, so I had mighty little education. I had no real estate experience. I never earned more than just enough to keep me out of the poorhouse, so I had no capital. And, as for influence, where would a \$50-a-month brakeman get any?

And you don't have to go to a big town to succeed. I am located in a little New York State town of only 3,000 population.

Of course, I am pretty enthusiastic about the real estate business. I think it's the greatest business in the world. It has more advantages and bigger opportunities than any other business I know of. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is almost unlimited in its possibilities—about ten million properties are always on the market. It is easy to learn. You don't need capital to get started, as you do in almost any other business. The business can't grow

smaller—it keeps getting bigger as population increases. And you can get started in the business right at home in your spare time. When I realize that I have an independent, enjoyable business of my own, a good home, two automobiles, and every convenience and comfort a sane man could want I sometimes find it hard to believe that I'm the same fellow that put in twelve long years of hard work as a railroad brakeman.

And I'm not the only one who has taken advantage of this wonderful business opportunity and pulled himself out of the rut of routine work. Chas. F. Worthen, formerly a salesman, did, and he made \$8,500 in 17 weeks. H. G. Stewart made \$14,400 in less than six months. Anthony C. Maurell made \$4,100 in 3 months. M. J. Stokes, a Pennsylvania man, made \$900 in three months, just in his spare time. H. J. Dwillard, of Michigan, was fitted to hold the position of Sales Manager of the largest contractors' and builders' real estate department in his city.

Now, if you are kicking about what I used to kick about—long hours, hard work and poor pay—if you want to get into a business where you can have the biggest kind of an opportunity to make good—simply send your name and address to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 5212, 18 East 18th St., New York, and they will send you *without cost or obligation*, a copy of their free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

In five minutes after you start reading this fascinating book, you will agree with me that you have at last struck the best business opportunity that ever came your way—an opportunity to learn a splendid money-making business and get started—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—in a safe, sound, independent business of your own. So get busy, if you want to grab something big. If you are ambitious to make something of yourself—get ahead—make more money—this is one chance you can't afford to let slip out of your grasp. It costs you nothing to find out what there is in this for you. You take no risk. So, mail the coupon at once. Take my word for it, you will never regret the day you sent for this free book. And some day you may do just what I did—put through a deal that will put more money in your bank account than you ever saw in one pile before.

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Name

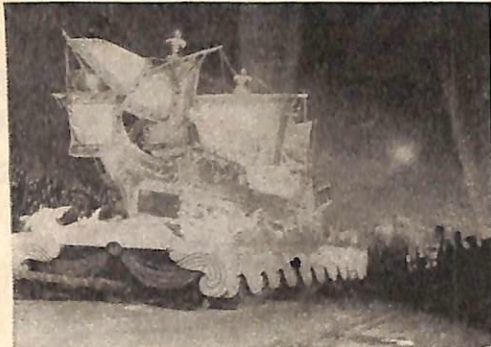
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City..... State.....

I Made \$4,500 in One Sale

Los Angeles Plans Glorious CONVENTION

By Leroy M. Edwards
Director General, 55th Annual Convention



The great movie electrical pageant of 1925 will be outdone in 1929. Here's Warner Brothers' float of 1925.



The picturesque ranch of E. R. Maier in California where the Shrine Barbecue will be held.

There'll be swimming at the Convention, too! Here's a peek at the broad sands of the Pacific—10 miles from Los Angeles.

SHRINE CONVENTION PROGRAM

- SUNDAY, JUNE 2nd:** Band concerts in Public Parks. Singing by Chanters in various Churches.
- MONDAY, JUNE 3rd:** Band concerts in Public Parks. Trip to Avalon for Imperial Divan, Representatives and their wives; also wives of Recorders. Recorders' meeting. Banquet to Imperial Potentate for the Divan and their ladies at Leo Youngworth's. Jesters' Banquet. Motion Picture and Vaudeville Show at Shrine Auditorium for all Shriners. Street dancing.
- TUESDAY, JUNE 4th:** Parade of Official Escort to Coliseum. Luncheon for Uniformed Bodies at Shrine Auditorium. Luncheon for Imperial Representatives at Biltmore. Imperial Council Session at Biltmore Theatre. Luncheon at Ambassador Hotel with Fashion Show for the ladies of Imperial Council, to be followed by automobile trip through filmland. Circus Maximus in the afternoon at Coliseum. Hawaiian Banquet for Representatives and their wives at Biltmore. Motion Picture and Vaudeville Show at Shrine Auditorium for all Shriners.
- WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5th:** Barbecue at Ed Maier's Ranch for Uniformed Bodies. Luncheon for Imperial Representatives at Biltmore. Imperial Council Session at Biltmore Theatre. Circus Maximus at the Coliseum in the afternoon. Lawn fête at Lafayette Park for all ladies. Luncheon at Uplifters for Representatives' wives, followed by automobile trip through the beaches. Night parade of Uniformed Bodies to Coliseum. Formal balls at Shrine Auditorium and Biltmore for all Shriners. Motion Picture and Vaudeville Show at Shrine Auditorium for all Shriners.
- THURSDAY, JUNE 6th:** Breakfast at Breakfast Club for Imperial Divan, Representatives and their wives. Luncheon at Biltmore for Representatives. Imperial Council Session at Biltmore Theatre. Circus Maximus at Coliseum. Luncheon for Representatives and wives at Los Angeles Country Club followed by garden fête, with automobile trip through Pasadena District. Banquet for new Imperial Potentate at Biltmore. Motion Picture Pageant Parade at Coliseum. Vaudeville Show at Shrine Auditorium and ball at Shrine Ballroom.

PLANNED reproduction of the splendors of the ancient Roman Circus Maximus—without its barbarities—in the great Coliseum of Los Angeles as the central attraction of the fifty-fifth annual Shrine convention next June has caught the imagination of officials of Al Malaikah Temple of Los Angeles.

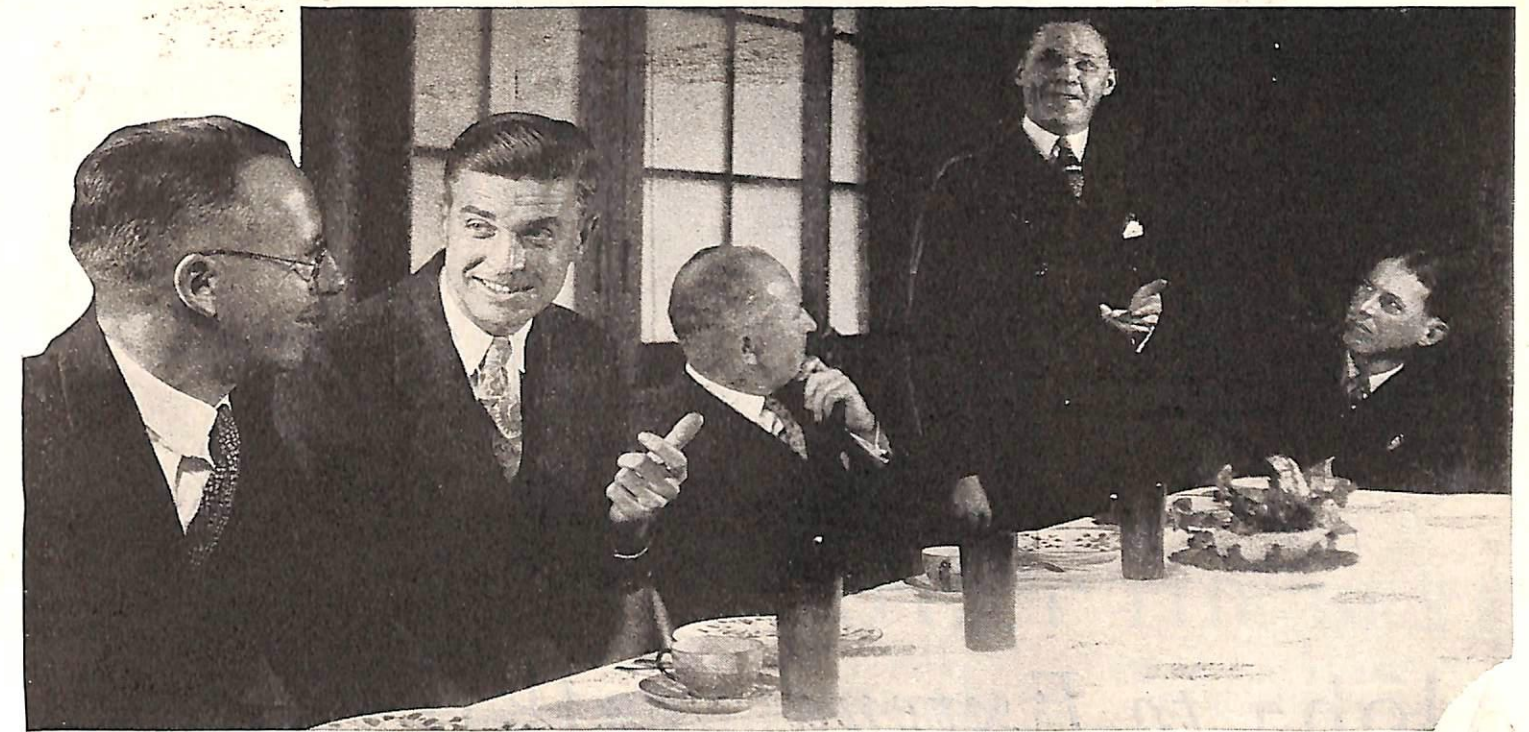
They propose a dramatic spectacle that will be epochal even in a land devoted to the staging of super-dramatic spectacles. Indeed, the resources of that same industry are to be taxed to lend glamorous impressiveness to the ambitious undertaking. The facilities of the great motion picture studios and the genius of master directors will be commandeered for the working out of the multiple features that will go into the making of what will be a veritable living picture of heroic dimensions. And just as in the minds of the ancients all roads led to Rome, so all the highways of Los Angeles lead to the Coliseum, in Exposition Park. Along these floor-smooth traffic ways with the impressiveness of historic dignity and the glamor of modern display, will wind the Shrine parades to complete their evolutions within the great modern amphitheatre to the plaudits of thousands.

The well-remembered electrical pageant and motion picture exhibition which was staged at the convention of 1925 will afford to those who saw it something upon which to base an imaginary conception of what the offering planned for the 1929 convention is likely to be.

And there is every reason to believe that much is expected. Inquiries multiply from Temples everywhere as to just what is being planned for the convention in Los Angeles. In answer the assurance is going out that nothing is to be spared to make it the greatest Shrine convention ever achieved. Every Noble who plans to come to Los Angeles in June is in the enviable position right now of having the time of his life to look forward to and every one who fails to get here is sure to find himself saying, "I wish I had been there."

Participating in the presentations at the Coliseum will be only part of the entertainment to be afforded to visiting Nobles. The splendid Spanish barbecue conducted at the ranch of Ed. R. Maier in the picturesque Santa Susanna mountains in 1912 for members of uniformed bodies of the Shrine will be repeated with added features of entertainment and enjoyment.

Another picturesque festivity will be the Hawaiian dinner for the Imperial Divan, Representatives and their wives, for the service of which the great ballroom in the new addition of the Biltmore Hotel is to be available. This dinner is to be probably the most elaborate affair of its nature in the history of Shrinedom. Hawaiian singers and dancers are being brought from their native land as a feature of the entertainment. The climax of this dinner will come on the following Saturday when a great ship leaves for Honolulu [Continued on page 64]



"They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak" —But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—"We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn." It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on me for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table.

"Watch him make a fool of himself," I overheard someone whisper. "He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice."

"He'll die on his feet!" came another whisper. "This is going to be funnier than 'Abie's Irish Rose!'"

I knew they were laughing at me and expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside. I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

"But When I Commenced To Speak"

Almost from the first word, the smiles of doubt and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous—amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers now—nothing but breathless attention from every one of those hundred listeners! My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unflinching—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes that held them spellbound! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening wave of applause rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling! Somebody pushed forward and grasped my hand. Others followed and everybody started talking all at once.

"Great work, Byron old man! I didn't know you had it in you!" "You sure swept them off their feet! You're a wonder!"

Was Once a "Human Clam"

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. "Geo, that was a great speech!" he said enthusiastically. "You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place tonight. . . . And yet they used to call you 'a human clam'—and the quietest man in the office!"

It was true, too. All my life I had been handicapped with a shy, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it almost hurt. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening!

A Lucky Accident

At last I began to despair of getting anywhere—when I accidentally ran across a little book entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*. And I want to say right here that that little book actually helped

me change the course of my whole life. Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement, popularity and success. I don't mean to say that there was any "magic" or "mystery" about it, because I went at the thing systematically in the privacy of my own home, simply applying 20 minutes each day. And the results were certainly worth it!

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in public, but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worthwhile people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest pos-

sible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of convincing speech has been the big secret of my success!

The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secret of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right thing in the right way at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun! And the secret behind it all is so simple that it is astonishing!

Send for This Amazing Booklet

Right now, we offer to send you absolutely free, a copy of *How to Work Wonders with Words*. This remarkable little book will show you how to develop the priceless "hidden knack" of effective speech that has brought success, social position, power and wealth to so many. It will open your eyes to a new realization of what life holds in store for men who master the secrets of Effective Speech. See for yourself! There is no obligation. You can obtain your copy free by just sending the coupon.

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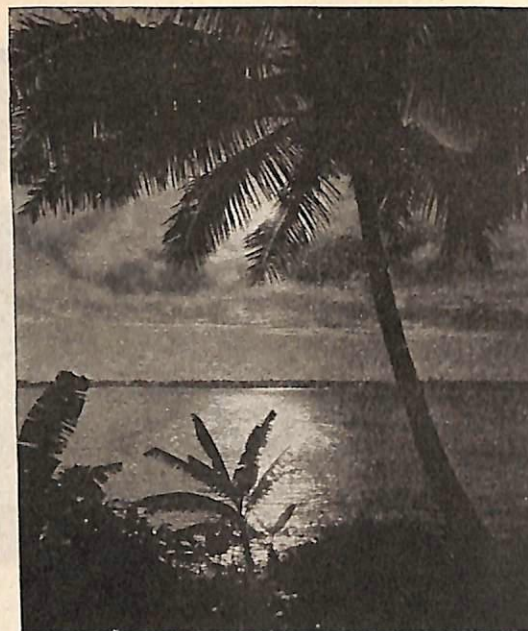
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Moonlight on Hilo Bay, the first point of call on the Shrine cruise to Hawaii next June.

Aloha to Extend Waikiki Beach Greetings to Shriners

NOBLES who enjoyed the Shrine pilgrimage to the Hawaiian Islands following the Imperial Council session in San Francisco in 1922 will know the treat in store for those who will accompany Noble Leo V. Youngworth when he leaves Los Angeles on the great liner Malolo on June 8th, following his expected elevation to the office of Imperial Potentate. As early as October 15th all plans had been laid with enthusiasm and care by Al Malaikah Temple for the comfort and enjoyment of those Nobles and their families who participate in this jaunt to the "Rainbow Land of the Pacific."

The first port of call will be Hilo, seat of an active Shrine Club, following a delightful voyage over the flying fish course in the very best time of the year to cross the Pacific. This will be a ride of four and one-half days and the flying fish will be there in shoals after about the third day out—rainbow-hued, rising right out of the water and flying along on both sides of the bow. Symbolically, the name Malolo means "flying fish."

In addition to seeing Hilo, the second city of the Hawaiian group, the trippers will tour Hawaii Na-



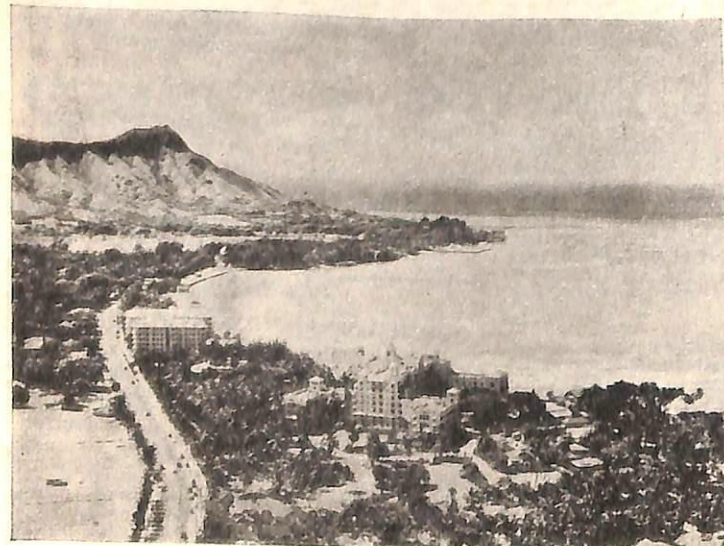
Noble Leo V. Youngworth who is in line to become head of the Shriners in June.

tional Park, including the famous Kilauea Volcano. The local Nobles have also arranged a rail trip along the lovely Hamakua coast.

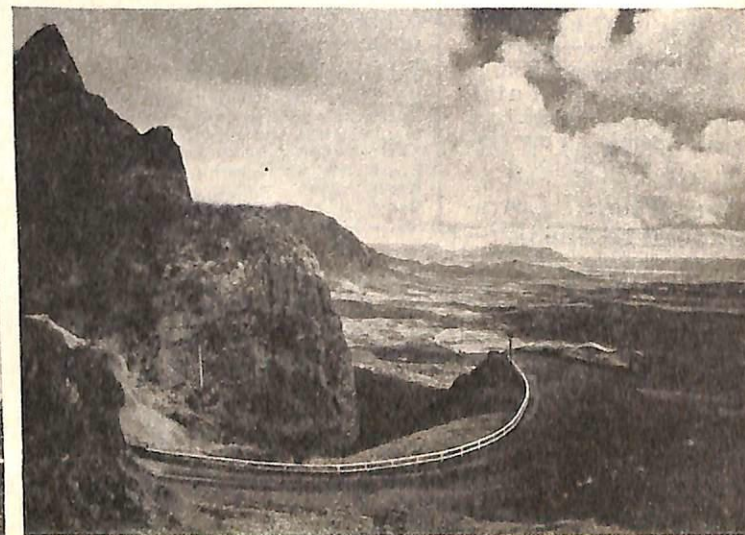
After an overnight trip the pilgrims will find themselves engulfed in a typical Honolulu welcome, not omitting being loaded down with the fragrant leis flower and the plaintive old Hawaiian songs. There will be ample quarters in the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, a coral-pink castle gazing majestically down upon the world famous Waikiki Beach and the peacock blue water.

The Nobility of Aloha Temple is working up a splendid program for the three days in Honolulu, and has arranged with the Matson Line for special trips around the island of Oahu, an 85-mile drive of great scenic splendor, including the Pali, a most impressive view. There will be the climb up Mount Tantalus, giving a wonderful view of Manoa, the Valley of Rainbows, Waikiki and Diamond Head.

And then the return voyage to California—another exquisite trip on the Malolo, the Pacific's greatest liner. And so home, treasuring memories that will last a lifetime.



Waikiki Beach, Hawaii, showing the two famous hotels, and Diamond Head Mountain in background.



A scene on the 85-mile motor tour from Honolulu around island of Oahu.

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Said Secretary Kellogg

As soon as he boarded the Leviathan, homeward bound from his peace triumph in Paris, Secretary Kellogg demanded good detective stories to read.

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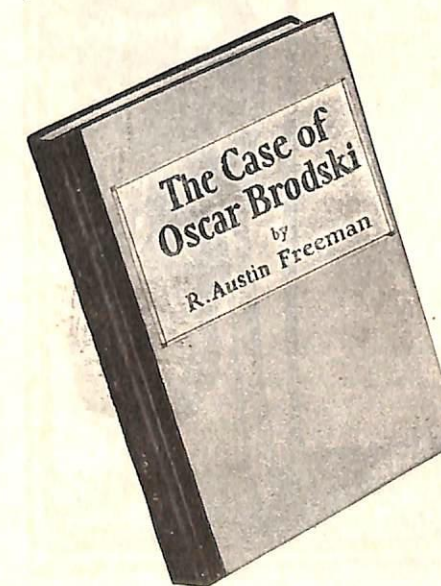
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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1928

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

[This, then, is hail and farewell.

[In the wisdom of the Imperial Council, this is the last issue of the Shrine Magazine, and the last time I shall have the opportunity to address you through its pages.

[I would like this last message to you to be a message of good cheer and of good living.

[We are coming into the happiest time of the year, the season of loving and of giving, the season when we forget ourselves in our loving remembrance of those who are near and dear to us.

[As Shriners, we know that we obtain our joys through giving, not through getting, and I am wishing to every Noble on the North American continent the prosperity which enables him to give joyously to those he loves, that he may get the full benefit of the fact that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

[The whole of life from the cradle to the grave is an eternal quest for happiness. Happiness to each of us means something different. To one it means the accumulation of dollars; to another the acquiring of broad acres of land. To one it means prominence in politics; to another fame in some other form. To one it means food or drink; to another the accumulation of objects of art. Each finds his happiness in the pursuit of his hobby.

[But the happiest search in the Shrine is just to plant a laugh and watch it grow where a frown grew before. The Nobility is a group of men who have realized that the hustle and bustle and drive of modern life is such that it is well to pause now and then in a meeting of genial spirits, and devote the evening to pure, wholesome fun.

[All work and no play indeed make Jack a dull boy.

[Now is the gladsome Christmas season, a season of gladness and of giving, a typical Shrine season. I am wishing every Noble of the six hundred thousand the very happiest Christmas season he has ever had.

[I am reaching across the millions of square miles of Shrine territory and clasping each of you by the hand who has given so joyously to the Crippled Children's Hospitals, and hoping that as freely as you have given, so may you also bounteously receive.

[As Edna Ferber has said, "Christmas is not a date, it is a feeling." I have it for every one of the fine fellows who make up our splendid Shrine, and I can best express it in the old wish, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year for you all."

"Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing the glory to God and of good-will to man!"

Es Selamu Aleikum

Yours in the Faith,

Frank Jones.
IMPERIAL POTENTATE

LOW PAY.. LONG HOURS.. ROUTINE.. NO FUTURE



Always worrying over money. Always skimping and economizing—going without the comforts and luxuries that every man DESERVES for his family and himself.



The Time Clock—a badge of hawk-like supervision and The Rut. A constant reminder that one is "just another name on the pay-roll."



Human cogs in a great machine. No chance to meet people, travel or have interesting experiences. A long, slow, tiresome road that leads nowhere.



Always wondering what would happen in case of a "lay-off" or loss of job. No chance to express ideas and ability—no chance to get ahead. COULD there be a way out?

I Said "Good-bye" to It All After Reading This Amazing Book— Raised My Earnings 700%!



Where Shall We Send Your Copy—FREE?

WHEN a man who has been struggling along at a low-pay job suddenly steps out and commences to earn real money—\$5,000, \$7,500, or \$10,000 a year—he usually gives his friends quite a shock. It's hard for them to believe he is the same man they used to know . . . but such things happen much more frequently than most people realize. Not only one, but HUNDREDS have altered the whole course of their lives after reading the amazing book illustrated at the right.

True, it is only a book—just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message that any ambitious man can read! It reveals facts and secrets that will open almost any man's eyes to things he has never even dreamed of!

Remarkable Salary Increases

For example, R. B. Hansen of Akron, Ohio, is just one case. Not long ago he was a foreman in the rubber-curing room of a big factory at a salary of \$160 a month. One day this remarkable volume, "Modern Salesmanship," fell into his hands. And from that day on, Mr. Hansen clearly saw the way to say "good-bye" forever to low pay, long hours, and tiresome routine! Today he has

reaped the rewards that this little volume placed within his reach. His salary runs well into the 5-figure class—actually exceeding \$10,000 a year!

Another man, Wm. Shore of Neenach, California, was a cowboy when he sent for "Modern Salesmanship." Now he is a star salesman making as high as \$525 in a single week. O. D. Oliver of Norman, Oklahoma, read it and jumped from \$200 a month to over \$10,000 a year! C. V. Champion of Danville, Illinois, raised his salary to over \$10,000 a year and became President of his company in the bargain!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about any of these men when they started. None of them had any special advantages—although all of them realized that SALESMANSHIP offers bigger rewards than any other profession under the sun. But, like many other men, they subscribed to the foolish belief that successful salesmen are born with some sort of "magic gift." "Modern Salesmanship" showed them that nothing could be farther from the truth! Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

City and traveling sales positions are open in every line all over the country. For years, thousands of leading firms have called on the N. S. T. A. to supply them with salesmen. Employment service is free to both employers and members, and thousands have secured positions this way.

Free to Every Man

See for yourself WHY "Modern Salesmanship" has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are now making \$10,000 a year. Learn for yourself the REAL TRUTH about the art of selling! You do not risk one penny nor incur the slightest obligation. And since it may mean the turning point of your whole career, it certainly is worth your time to fill out and clip the blank below. Send it now!

National Salesmen's Training Association

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National Salesmen's Training Assn.,
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Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship."

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Age..... Occupation.....

The SUPREME SIX

THE offices of the Supreme Motors Corporation were the last word in lavishness. Situated on the ground floor of the factory building, their tasteful beauty blinded the eye to the obvious inadequacy of the plant which purported to manufacture the finest thousand-dollar car in America.

There was, first, a reception room, finished in mauve: rich, overstuffed upholstery; chaste statuary; fresh flowers blooming in tall vases; expensive magazines, and, on the side wall, a magnificent oil painting of The Supreme Six, with Anthony Darrell at the wheel.

Anthony Darrell was president of Supreme. He sat now in his great private office; a quiet symphony of dull green and mahogany. He was the perfect picture of the competent and successful industrial executive—tall and spare, with keen gray eyes, a square jaw and just the faintest touch of silver in his hair. His eyes were particularly fascinating: at times they could be icy, and at other times the merest little crinkle at the corners seemed to light them with the friendliest good humor in the world.

Tony Darrell had seen much and traveled many places. With his friend Walter Black, he had wintered on the Riviera and summered in Paris. Great trans-Atlantic liners were familiar to them—particularly the card rooms. In those days they had sailed on the same steamer many times, but never as acquaintances. Both were used to the pose of being prominent and successful business men—which made the game of poker much more profitable. More than one unfortunate and optimistic millionaire had marveled that these two strangers seemed to hold high hands at the same time—and few of the victims ever suspected that they had been whipsawed.

Card sharpening, while perhaps the most interesting of Tony Darrell's many pursuits, had not been the most profitable. He had promoted oil companies which never produced oil, and sold stock in gold mines from which no gold ever came. But the present enterprise was the most pretentious in which the two had ever been engaged.

The launching of the Supreme Motors Corporation had taken foresight, courage and a considerable cash capital. It entailed a great gamble, but it also afforded an opportunity to get out with a quarter million dollar profit, and so Tony and Walter cheerfully invested fifty thousand dollars and were facing a most successful—if brief—career as automobile magnates.

The plant was humming. Walter Black saw that it was kept busy. Potential stockholders liked to see a plant in operation, and if few of them were keen enough to understand the difference between a factory and an assembly plant, that was the studied fault of the president and treasurer.

As a matter of fact the Supreme Six justified its loud boast. It was indeed the finest thousand dollar car on the American market. Happily no one ever inquired why—and if they had, the doctored books would not have shown that the Corporation was paying out in cash about fifteen hundred dollars for every thousand dollar car it sold.

Each buyer of the Supreme was receiving for his thousand dollars a car which cost the factory fifteen hundred and should have sold in the retail market for about twenty-four hundred. Twenty-four hundred dollar cars for one thousand dollars! Small wonder that cautious investors were seeking to buy stock in this amazing company.

Tony Darrell lighted a turkish cigarette and puffed contentedly. Outside the sun was shining. A few fleecy clouds floated against an azure background. There came faintly to his ears the clank and crash of metal; the cacophony of organized manufacture. Truly, it was a good world. Tony was a member of the exclusive City Club, and he belonged to the Golf Club. He was invited to palatial private homes. There stirred in his heart a vague regret that in the very near future he and Walter would be forced by circumstances to sell their quarter-million block of stock and move on to other fields. The Riviera seemed less attractive by comparison with the life of an honest and respected motor magnate.

The door opened and a neat young girl entered. She advanced quietly to his desk and laid thereon a tiny oblong of pasteboard. It was a visiting card; not too clean and most decidedly not engraved. Casually, Tony Darrell let his eye drop to the name on the card, and quite suddenly his jaw squared, his eyes glittered bleakly and every muscle of his fine body grew taut.

It was a simple, unassuming name which stared up at him. He read it again—

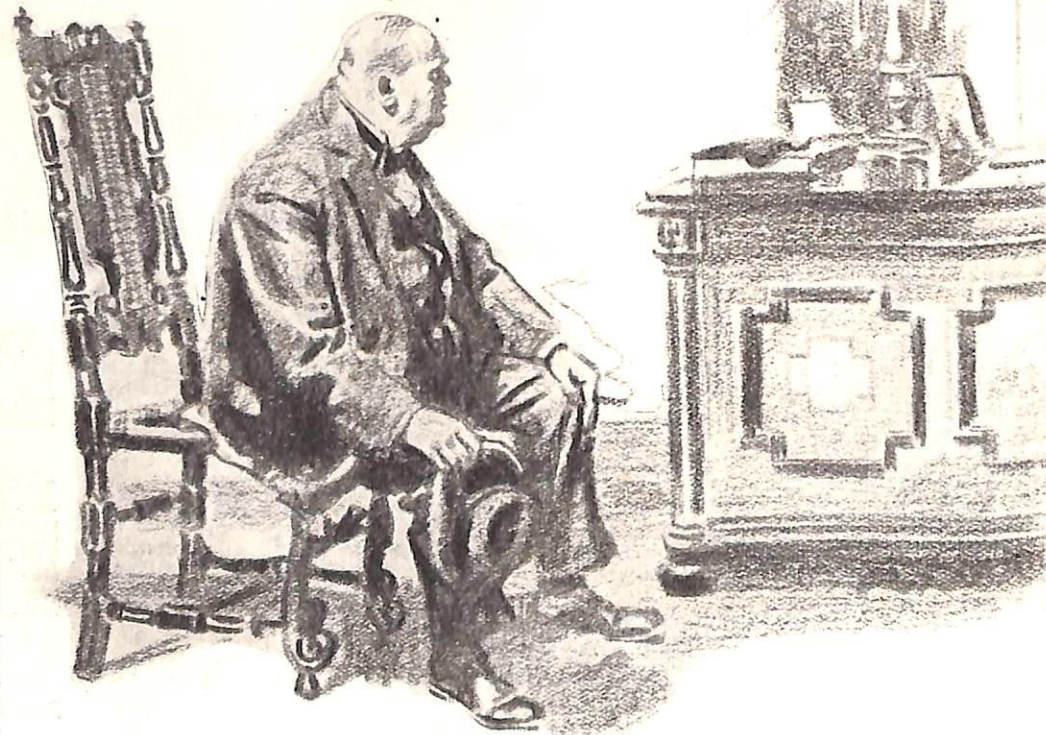
JAMES HANVEY

He controlled himself with an effort, trying to conceal from his secretary the perturbation he felt. He spoke to her without glancing up.

"Is Mr. Black in his office?"

"No sir. He went out a half hour ago."

"I see . . ." He touched the card with a slender, delicate



finger. "This gentleman asked for me?" he inquired.

"Yes sir."

"Show him in, please."

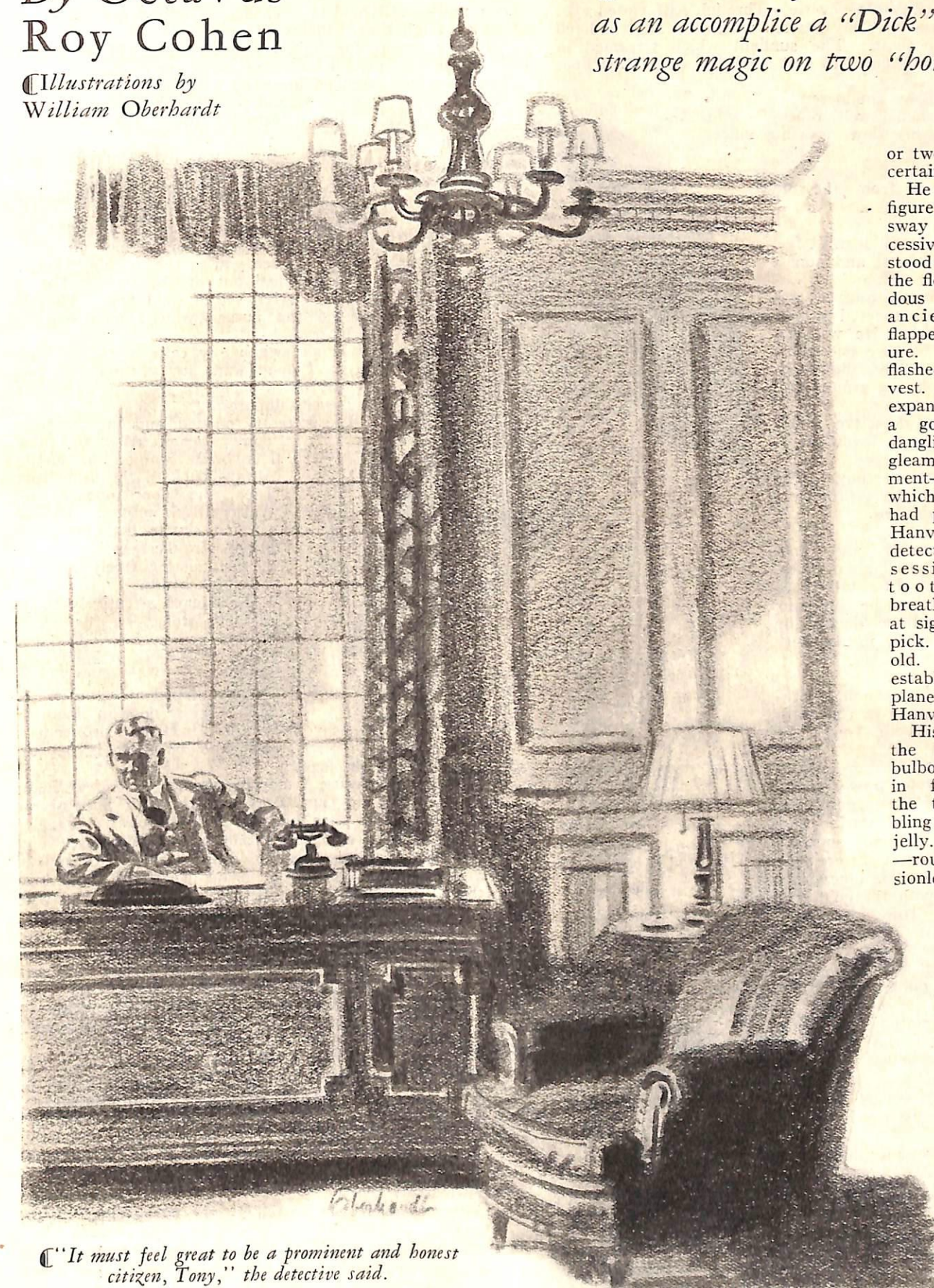
In the few moments of grace between her exit and the return with Hanvey, Tony Darrell battled for control of himself.

It was not an easy task. The name on the card meant a great deal. It prophesied disaster, just when success seemed assured. James Hanvey! Jim Hanvey, perhaps the greatest

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrations by William Oberhardt

With a lovely smooth-running car as an accomplice a "Dick" works some strange magic on two "honest" crooks



"It must feel great to be a prominent and honest citizen, Tony," the detective said.

detective in all the world; a man of heavy, lumbering, awkward, blundering body and rapier brain.

Tony knew Jim Hanvey and liked him. But he liked him best when he was not engaged in professional investigation. Personally, they were friends. But just at the moment Tony Darrell was straying a path which was not of rectitude—and Jim Hanvey was a detective. His presence portended evil.

The door opened and the secretary stood aside to admit a human mountain. The door closed and Jim advanced a step

chair. He fumbled in his breast pocket and produced two inky black cigars, one of which he extended toward Darrell. That gentleman smiled briefly and shook his head.

"No thanks, Jim. I'm familiar with your cigars."

"Shuh! Tony. You always were delicate." He scratched a match suggestively. "Mind?"

"If you can stand it, I can."

Jim lighted the black projectile and puffed gorgeously. A cloud of rancid smoke filled the room.

or two, then stood uncertainly.

He was a grotesque figure: he seemed to sway from his own excessive weight as he stood in the middle of the floor, and, tremendous as he was, the ancient black suit flapped about his figure. Tony's eyes flashed to Hanvey's vest. Across that dark expanse was stretched a gold hawser and dangling from it was a gleaming gold instrument—a fearful thing which a criminal friend had presented to Jim Hanvey. It was the detective's dearest possession—a patent toothpick. Tony breathed more easily at sight of that toothpick. He knew it of old. It seemed to re-establish him on a plane of intimacy with Hanvey.

His eyes smiled at the big man. Jim's bulbous head nodded in friendly fashion; the triple chins wabbling like layers of jelly. And Jim's eyes—round, fishy, expressionless eyes—closed

with maddening deliberateness and uncurtained even more slowly. Jim extended a boneless hand.

"Well, dog-gone my soul," he murmured admiringly. "You sure are fixed up swell."

"Thanks, Jim." Tony exhibited none of the turmoil which raged within. "Have a seat."

Jim sat gingerly on the edge of an easy

The detective fell into a reverie. Through half closed eyes which veiled his worry, Tony Darrell watched. He wondered why Hanvey had come. The sunlight which streamed in through the window seemed to cast a shadow of parallel lines on the floor.

Prison bars! Tony shuddered. "Never seen such swell offices," said Hanvey again, in his slow drawling voice. "Wonderful."

"Thanks, Jim."
"Quite a change from the old days, eh, Tony?"
"Quite."

Jim sighed. "At that, it must feel great to be a prominent and honest citizen."

"It does." Tony's answer was close-clipped. He suspected a barb in Hanvey's remark. He was uncomfortable. If Hanvey had come to make trouble—why didn't he start, instead of playing around this way?

"Tony," said the detective, blinking slowly: "I been investigating this company . . ."

Darrell's face was stony. The eyes he turned upon his visitor were bleak and expressionless.

"Yes?"
" . . . The company and you. Everybody speaks swell about both. And Walter, too. I've talked to folks who are driving the Supreme. They say it's without doubt the swellest car in America inside twice its price."

"Thanks."
Jim fiddled with his gold toothpick. "Lots of money in the automobile game, ain't there, Tony?"
"I hope so."

"Gosh! You and Walter ought to know." Jim chuckled. "I been reading your prospectus, Tony—the one that tells about how some of the biggest citizens got rich making automobiles when they just started on a shoestring. And where you say that this company should make billions of dollars."

"Yes?" Darrell's nerves were jumpy. He wanted to scream at Jim—tell him to come out with it.

Hanvey played with the gold toothpick. "I'm getting old, Tony," he said. "All my life I've worked hard. And I'm fat. Can't stay active always and I won't diet. I hate to be hungry. Ten more years and maybe I'll be through. I been saving money, Tony. Slowly. And I've got five thousand dollars saved up. I read your prospectus and I talked to a lot of folks. Everybody seems to think you haven't exaggerated. Couple of big business men told me you and Walter was geniuses. Say you've got a gold mine here and everybody's wild about the Supreme. So right away I got an idea."

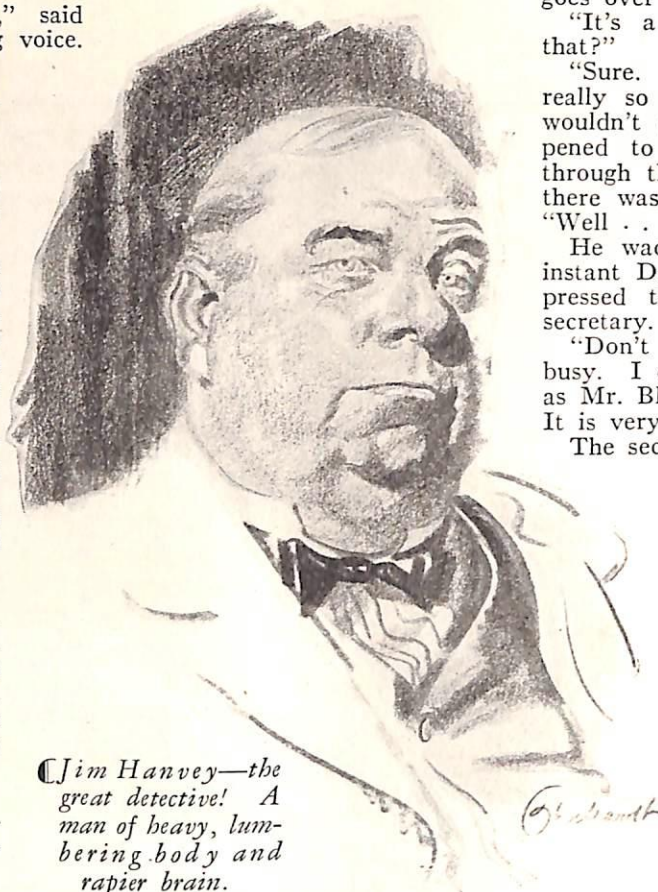
From a capacious pocket Jim withdrew a wallet. He took from it a sheaf of bills which he placed affectionately on Tony Darrell's desk.

"There's five thousand dollars, Tony. Pretty near every cent I own. I want to invest it in your company!"

Darrell stiffened. Hanvey's announcement came with the shock of an icy spray. Then Tony saw the red flag of danger. Was this a trap? Did Hanvey wish to become a stockholder in order to acquire the right to inspect the company's books? Did he . . . was it possible that what he said was true?

Tony's brain was whirling as he reached for the money and counted it. What he wanted now was time: plenty of time. He wanted to think—and to discuss things with Walter Black.

His instinct cautioned him to refuse the money, but he dared not. That would be inviting disaster. He didn't want Hanvey as a stockholder. If it was a trap, it would serve to deliver both himself and his partner into Hanvey's hands. If it was not a trap—if Hanvey was really sincere—it meant that when the cleanup came, they would leave on the list of the ruined—Jim Hanvey: the man most feared by high class criminals.



Jim Hanvey—the great detective! A man of heavy, lumbering body and rapier brain.

But now—until he had a chance to adjust himself—Tony Darrell wanted time. Plenty of time.

"Here's a receipt for the five thousand, Jim. If you'll come back in the morning I'll have your stock certificate."

Jim rose and extended his hand. "I sure hope this thing goes over and we all make fortunes."

"It's a gamble, Jim. You understand that?"

"Sure. But then five thousand ain't really so much. It's all I've got, but it wouldn't go terribly far if anything happened to me." His fishy eyes searched through the window into the sunshine and there was a wistful ring in his soft voice. "Well . . . see you in the morning, Tony."

He waddled out of the room. For an instant Darrell sat in rigid fear. Then he pressed the buzzer which summoned his secretary.

"Don't switch any calls in to me. I'm busy. I don't want any visitors. As soon as Mr. Black comes in, ask him to see me. It is very important."

The secretary nodded, and left the office.

Tony Darrell tried to think. His brain worked in circles. Always back to the same spot. Then the door opened and Walter Black entered. He was a round, chubby little man, with bright, birdlike eyes and a habit of gesticulating freely with his soft, pink hands.

He listened attentively to his partner's story.

"Can you beat it?" he asked gently. "I want to know—can you?"

Tony tapped a tattoo on the desk. "How do you figure it, Walter? Is Hanvey suspicious—and after us? Or is he just

another sucker—on the level?"

"I hate to say, because I may be wrong. And if we make the wrong decision in this, Tony—we're sunk. Suppose we decide he's wise. Then we pull up stakes and clear out, trying to save our hides. We're fifty thousand dollars out; we've got hundreds of wealthy men—investors—sore at us, and all sorts of dicks on our trail. That means eventually a nice long course in the textile industry. Prison cotton mill. And we'd never know for sure that it was necessary."

"Right. Go ahead."

"Of course, if we clear out now—Jim gets his five thousand back. And if we don't, we have to accept his money. Minute we do we've tied our hands. Then when we get out from under—we have Jim Hanvey on our trail. Not so sweet. What a pity that fellow was born honest. As a crook he'd have made history."

ANTHONY DARRELL walked to the window where he stood staring down on the velvety lawn with its edging of flowers.

"We could quit now, Walter."

"And lose fifty thousand cold cash?"

"Yes."

Walter laughed shortly. "Not so you could notice it, Old Top. Besides, when they looked at our books—they'd know everything."

"—Nothing! Not a thing! Of course they'd find out that we have been selling for one thousand dollars a car which costs us fifteen hundred. But they can't touch us for that. We merely claim that we were exploiting the thing—paying money out that way for popularizing our product. They would know, of course that it wasn't on the up and up but we would be safe," Tony said.

"And broke. What gets me, Tony, is not the loss of the money we've invested . . . but doggone it! we were right on the threshold of our cleanup. The public is yelling for stock. There's a regular fever of buying. We could dump our quarter million on the market at par, clear out, and—"

"Leave Detective Jim Hanvey holding a worthless certificate

in exchange for his life's savings, Tony finished up ruefully. "Gosh . . . Couldn't we refuse to sell him?" Walter brightened for a moment.

"Not a chance. He'd know there was something wrong." Tony answered.

Walter's lips twisted into a rueful grin, his pink face wore an expression of utter woe. "We've got two things to do, and both of 'em wrong. We must either clear out or take Jim's money. Either way . . ." His voice trailed off. Tony Darrell was obviously not listening. Instead, he was staring intently at a spot on his desk. His facial muscles were taut, his whole attitude one of deep thought.

Walter did not interrupt Tony's thought processes. He deferred always to the keen and fertile brain behind those quiet gray eyes.

Tony rose and paced the room slowly. He paid no heed to his partner in crime. Walter waited patiently, but when Tony spoke, his words occasioned surprise.

"We can't trim Jim Hanvey," he said positively.

"I should say not—"

"I don't mean what you mean, Walt. I'm not thinking of the danger. I'm thinking of the sentiment."

"Yes?" said Walter vaguely.

"Jim's a white man, Walter. He's the best friend a high class crook ever had. He's kept more men out of stir than he's ever put in. He shoots straight and clean. He likes us—he likes all crooks. He's a dick just because he was born one . . . but he's got the romantic heart of a crook. I'm hanged if I'd gyp him if I could."

"Gosh no, Tony. Of course not. But what—"

"How do you like the automobile game, Walter?"

"Fine." The cherubic Mr. Black was utterly bewildered by his partner's crisp question.

"Do you like being a gentleman? Belonging to clubs and being accepted in local society?"

"Sure. Sure I do, Tony. But—"

"Would you like to be a motor magnate: really?"

The round face of the pudgy little man flushed.

"Say, listen: You're doing all the talking and you ain't saying a thing. What is this, anyway: a riddle party?"

"No. I thought of something . . ." The voice became softer. A wistful note crept in. "We can't refuse Jim's money, Walter; and we can't trim him. There's one other thing we can do."

"What is that?"

"Legitimize this business!"

The explosion of a bomb in the room could have shocked Walter Black no more thoroughly. At first he didn't grasp the idea in its entirety.

"You mean . . .?"

"We're all right so far, Walter. Even if they discovered what we've been doing—taking a cash loss on every car—we could get away with it on the grounds of exploitation. By the same token, if we duck out now and the discovery is then made—we haven't a leg to stand on. We become criminal stock manipulators."

"You've been over all that before," said the other somewhat impatiently. "But it doesn't tell me—"

"Listen, then. I've been doing some figuring. We've gone ahead in spite of ourselves. We've been almost giving away cars, but we've built up an asset we never figured on. The name Supreme means something in the auto world. True, it doesn't cause any excitement among the big manufacturers, but even they are wondering how we do it. A buying public is developing—a public which swears by the Supreme Six and won't have any other car. Now, if we suddenly changed our entire policy—if we went legitimately into this game and happened to put it across . . ."

The round face of Walter Black was very serious. He seated himself and drew his chair alongside Tony's. There was a queer light in his baby-blue eyes . . . a light of yearning which may have been inspired by this faint glimmer of possibility

that the rosepath could profitably be forsaken . . .

The following morning when Jim Hanvey called he was greeted by a crisp and incisive Tony Darrell and a very genial but businesslike Walter Black.

"We'll accept your subscription, Jim. But before doing it we want to warn you that there is a real risk of losing your money. All we've done so far has been a gamble, but the real gamble is ahead. We're on the verge of announcing our permanent policy—the policy toward which we've been building. So far we've been fighting for public confidence. You may lose every cent of this money. You may win big. The cards are all on the table . . . what about it?"

"Gimme the stock, boys. I like the way you're going at this. I'd rather take my chances with you than with a lot of these men who've never been publicly dishonest."

They gave him a very elegant stock certificate. Then Tony Darrell got busy. He wired a firm in New York and three days later a stranger visited the plant. Queer sort of a chap: lean and raven-haired. An artist. They put him to work immediately.

Two months later local newspapers and two magazines of national circulation carried full page advertisements announcing a drastic change of policy in connection with the Supreme Motors Corporation.

This advertisement, prepared by a high-priced expert, announced that the Supreme had passed through the experimental stage. It stated that the company had proved to the world that it could build the finest thousand dollar car in America. It went on to say that it now proposed to cease producing these cars and to concentrate on a car which was to retail at twenty-four hundred dollars, F.O.B. factory, and which would be the peer of any car in the country.

TWO features were stressed: beauty and speed. Eighty miles per hour was guaranteed. The lines of the old car had been lowered and lengthened, and the New York artist had evolved several color designs which were calculated to startle the world without shocking the sensibilities of the most fastidious motorists.

Actually, the car which Supreme now planned to sell for twenty-four hundred dollars was virtually the same which they had theretofore marketed at one thousand. There were a few body changes and some additional money had been expended in equipping the car with those hundred and one little devices which delight the hearts of car owners: cigar lighters, vanity cases, glove boxes, adjustable tonneau lights, and other accessories.

In an age of enthusiasm for motor car color combinations, the Supreme excelled. Its first demonstrator under the new order of things was a white car trimmed with royal purple. It put out another in baby blue with white trimmings. It was a most excellent value for twenty-four hundred dollars: a fine, sturdy, speedy car; well and soundly built. A car of grace and beauty. The slogan "Supreme in Its Field" was changed to "The Supreme Six—All That the Name Implies."

There followed a period of strained waiting. The public seemed hesitant about accepting such a drastic price change. It was one thing to pay a thousand dollars for a beautiful car, and something quite



No one would ever suspect the blue-eyed Walter Black of promoting bogus oil companies.



Tony Darrell was used to the pose of prominent and successful business man.

different to more than double that price. Of course the Supreme was beautiful and it could do everything which its manufacturers claimed, but the competition was keen in the new field.

Tony Darrell, keyed to a high pitch, was sincerely worried. It seemed as though the enterprise was destined to fail, and, what bothered him more—Jim Hanvey was in a fair way to lose his savings. He had a long earnest talk with Walter Black and then he went to Jim Hanvey.

"Jim," he said, "It looks like we're going to bust it."

THE granite eyes of the big detective stared apparently unseeingly.

"The automobile business, you mean?"

"Yes. The public is holding back—"

"Shuh! Tony—I ain't worried."

"Well, I am. And I don't want you to get caught in the smash."

"That's awful nice of you, Tony. Terrible nice. But I'm willing to hang on."

"I refuse to let you. I want to buy back your stock at the price you paid for it."

"Who is 'You'?"

"The Supreme Motors Corporation."

Jim fumbled with his gold toothpick. "That wouldn't no ways be fair, would it, Tony? Using company money to buy something you don't think has any value?"

Darrell's eyes narrowed. He suspected a double meaning in Jim's apparently casual remark.

"I don't want to see you lose out, Jim. That's straight. I'll buy the stock myself—"

Jim rose heavily and laid a fat hand on Darrell's shoulder. "I sure appreciate your attitude, Tony; but there's nothin' stirrin'. I started out to string along with you fellers, and I'm not goin' to quit. I think you've got the stuff and that you're goin' to put this thing across. Go to it and good luck to all of us."

Puzzled and worried, Tony reported to his partner, Walter Black.

"I can't understand him, Walter. He's either an awful fool or he's clever. If this thing is a trap—"

"I don't believe it is," broke in Black. "I think he simply has confidence in us."

Tony gave a short, sharp laugh. "Then we'll show him. We'll make one more big splurge . . ."

He launched a new advertising campaign. Walter Black talked to his individual salesmen and inspired them with fresh enthusiasm. Then orders began to drift in: slowly at first, but with increasing regularity. The new long, low cars were attractive. Other motorists wanted to know all about them. The factory maintained an efficient service department. Supreme built up a reputation for reliability. The trend was definitely toward success, but during those aching months Tony Darrell and Walter Black worried.

Dealers from other sections of the country asked agency privileges. Tony Darrell and his partner, awed by the imminence of success and handicapped by limited capital, were slow to accept commitments, and their very diffidence increased the ardor of would-be agents and eager, interested customers.

LIKE the proverbial snowball rolling downhill, the enterprise gathered momentum, picking up prosperity and solidity as it went. The chief asset was that individual car owners were satisfied. Owners of the Supreme became the best salesmen for the car.

And now canny investors—men of keen brain and large fortune—came into the fold. For the first time the company found itself possessed of adequate cash. Without a second's hesitation, Darrell invested a considerable portion of this in fresh advertising. That seemed to be the final spark which caused the company to blaze forth into certain and swift success.

Agents clamored for the privilege of handling the car. Buyers boosted it to their friends. Every share of stock—save the quarter million dollars worth held by Tony Darrell and Walter Black—was sold. And one day a broker notified them that he had sold fifty shares at 102. Darrell sank into his chair, mopped his forehead and stared blankly at his partner.

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

"Walter," he breathed with half closed eyes—"We've done it!"

"What?"

"We've put this thing over. Starnes & MacWane just sold some of our stock above par. The car is going like a million. There's no stopping us now."

Black smiled a weak, frightened smile. "That means—?"

"That we can clean up and get out, Walter. We can put out stock on the market slowly, as the demand appears. We can take our quarter million, split it, and blow—in perfect safety."

For a few moments Walter did not answer. He gazed about the luxurious office; gave ear to the symphony of prosperity which emanated from the assembling rooms. Then he shook his round little head and his birdlike eyes sparkled in his cherubic face.

"I'd hate to do that, Tony."

The lean face jerked up sharply.

"You would?"

"Yes."

"Why, Walter?"

"Because . . . Oh well, Tony—I've come to like this sort of thing. I feel like we've done something. Raw amateurs, we came into the most competitive field in the country and we've put it across. Oh! I know it was an accident. It couldn't happen again in a thousand years . . . but darn it! I get a thrill every time I see one of our cars on the road. I'm a sentimental idiot, ain't I?"

Tony rose and gripped his friend's hand. "No, Walter. I feel just the same way. I was afraid you didn't."

THERE came a tap on the door and the secretary opened it and said:

"Gentleman to see you, Mr. Darrell. It's that Mr. Hanvey again."

The partners looked at each other and Walter's moonlike face flushed.

"Show him in, please."

The gargantuan figure of the detective waddled through the door. A smile creased his fat lips and he toyed with the golden toothpick which hung grotesquely from his tremendous watchchain.

"Morning, boys," he breathed. "Just dropped in to ask your advice."

They begged him to be seated, and offered him fine, mild cigars which he refused. He lighted one of his own terrific weeds and filled the room with its strangling smoke.

"What I want to know is this," said Jim Hanvey. "I've got a chance to sell my stock to a feller at five points profit. Should I do it?"

Tony and Walter looked at one another. Black's eyes flickered and Tony faced the detective.

"We own a quarter million dollars worth, Jim—and we're not going to sell ours."

"No? I reckon what's good enough for you boys is good enough for me." Hanvey folded his fat hands across the prodigious tummy. "Seems like our car is making a great hit, eh?"

"It is that, Jim." Tony hesitated, then stepped close to the big detective. "It's a success. The whole thing—car and company. And I want you to know, Jim, that we owe it all to you."

"To me?" The glassy eyes opened slowly and stared at Tony Darrell. "Don't talk silly."

"I'm not." Tony leaned forward. "Tell me something, Jim: Why did you come to us in the first place? Why did you want to invest in an enterprise that Walter and I were promoting?"

Jim Hanvey did not answer at once. And when he did his voice was as heavy and expressionless as his face—a perfect mask.

"Because, boys," said Hanvey—"I knew no matter what happened, you were just naturally bound to be on the level with me."

Tony and Walter stared at each other. Then Darrell's voice came sharply.

"Jim Hanvey," he asked—"Which are you: the smartest man in the world, or the dumbest?"

Hanvey smiled.

"I'm dumb," he said cheerfully.

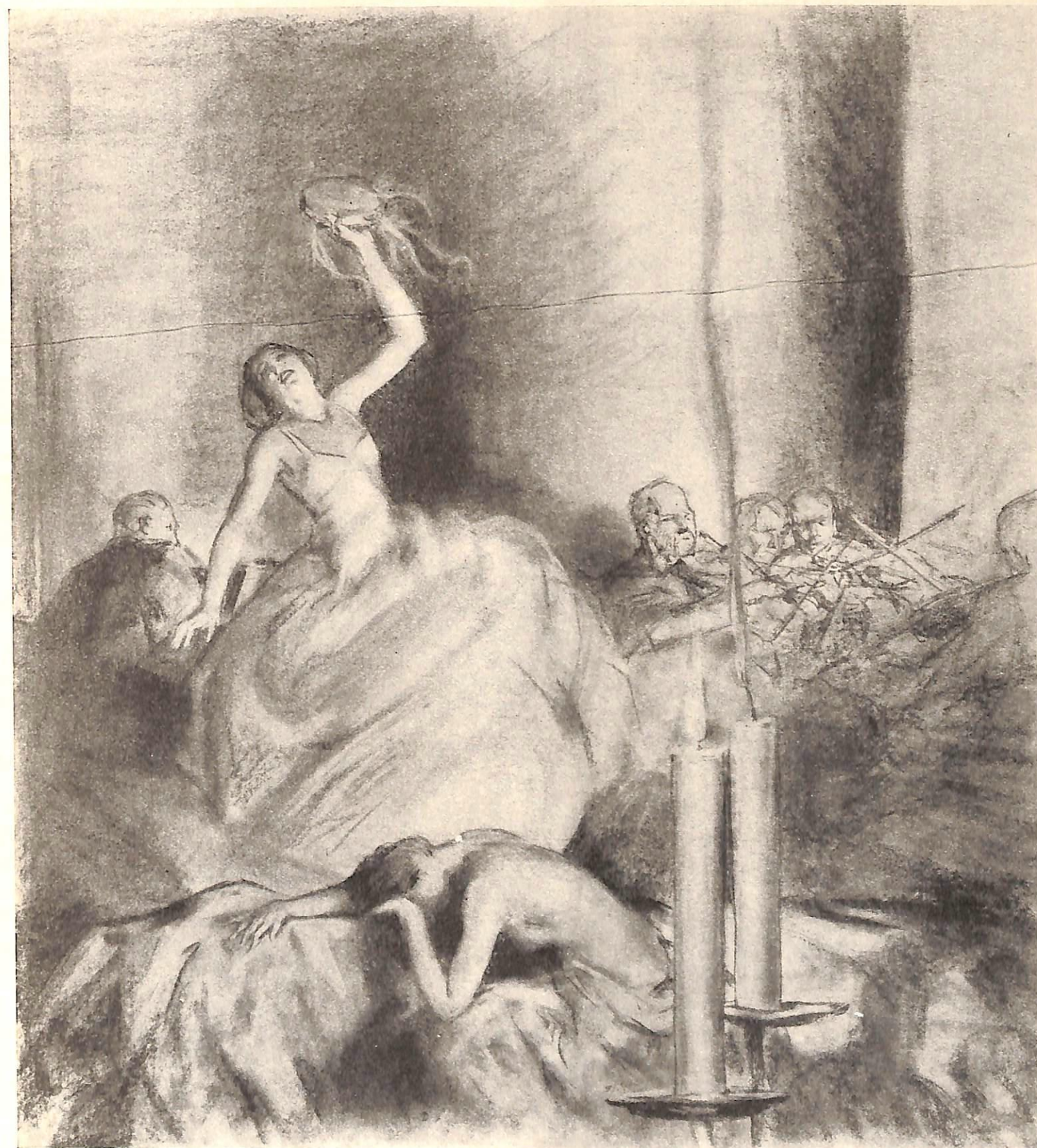


Illustration by
Will Perrin

ONE SORROW

By Theodosia Garrison

She dressed her sorrow in a crimson frock,
Painted her piteous mouth and curled her hair,
And bade her face a watching world to mock
The pity there.

I watched her dancing where the fiddles play;
Above their shrilling hear her laughter start.
I never thought a wanton half so gay
Could break my heart.

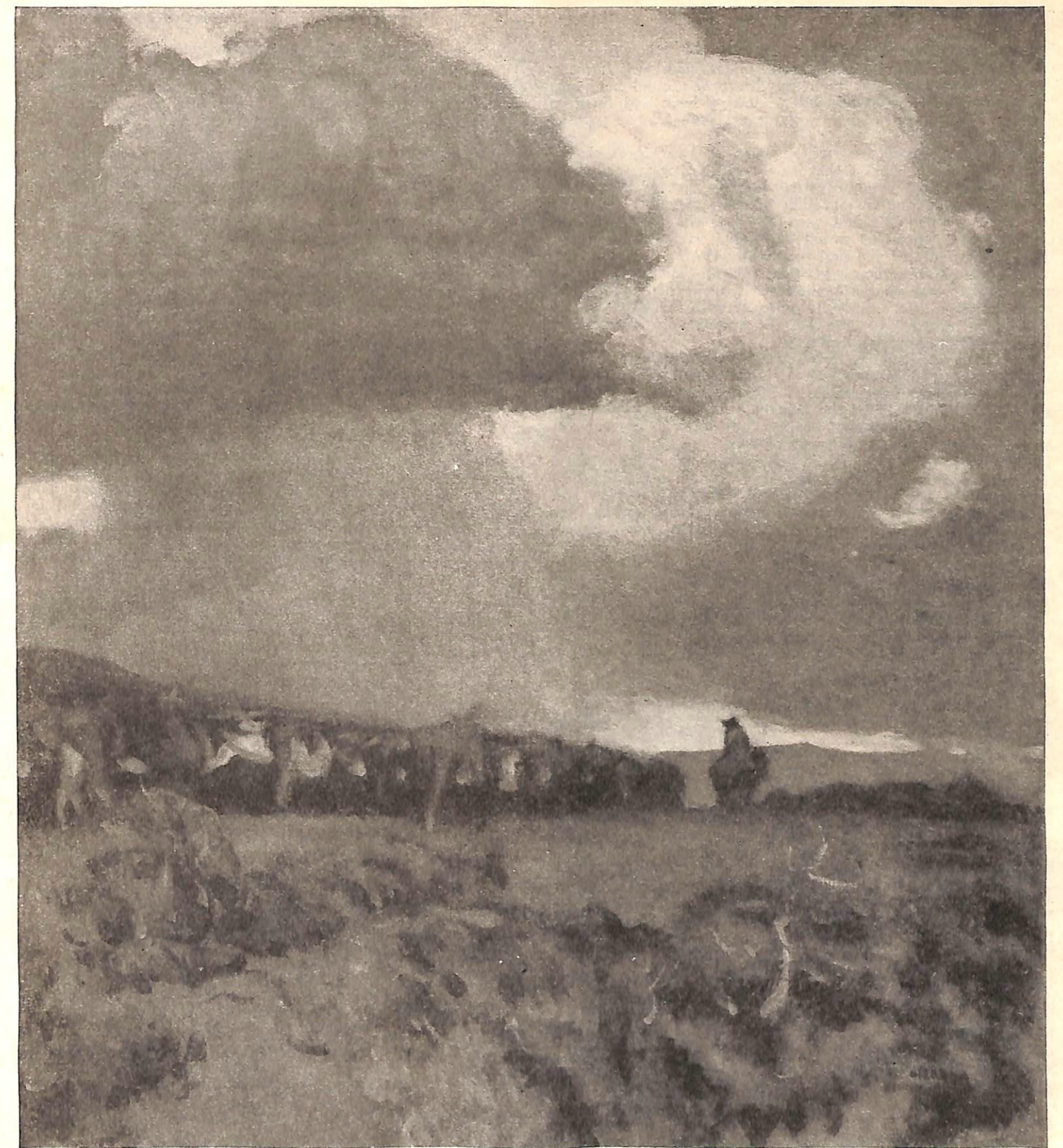


A Fortbriht PERTINACITY

FOR some time past, Joe Hatch had been obliged to allow that he had now a homestead but he remained steadfastly durned if he meant to be any homesteader. This attitude, he believed, sprang from a compound of pride and sagacity that was unique in himself. But however openly he might jeer at the lot of the sturdy farmer lads and term theirs a sod-busting, bannock-and-bean-fed existence, the motive of his scorn lay deeper. Joe Hatch suffered thoughts of a girl.

That is not to say that Joe was in love with anyone, or was even going through the motions of exposing himself to the bite of that deadly microbe. Indeed he had often told himself that, far as this girl went, he'd liefer slap her than anything else. And as for herself, while the small, red-haired Miss Bradley had made violent entry into Joe's life on two or three previous occasions, she had not failed to make known her poor opinion of him each time.

This mutual distaste should have been quite satisfactory to



How Joe Hatch, the Red-Haired Girl and Athabasca Red, between them, settled the matter of Joe's further Adventuring

By Zack Cartwright

Despite the efforts of three herders that bull annexed himself to the herd.

Joe Hatch, but it curiously wasn't. Every time he heard mention of Miss Bradley, which was often, Joe realized the impossibility of putting her out of his thoughts until he should have made her see that he couldn't in any wise endure the thought of her. And cock-eyed as that statement may superficially appear, it is a true and precise account of the state of Joe Hatch's mind.

Her pap had a homestead in the Kleskun Hills where she lived with him in summer. Joe's henchman and principal

admirer, one Athabasca Red, had likewise a homestead in those parts and it was largely to pacify him that Joe had filed on land adjoining. Red's inhuman persistence in advancing his single idea had cost Joe ten dollars filing fee which was absolutely all that he proposed to invest in the venture. If it kept Red shut, Joe reckoned the ten well spent.

From thinking of himself as a cattleman, Joe had nothing printable to say of nesters and homesteaders in general. But apart from this it would be fatal to his purpose to identify

himself with the agricultural fraternity in Miss Bradley's neighborhood. The grass, as he understood, was already tramped down for miles in every direction around her place by wishful bachelor homesteaders rushing back and forth to see her. Certainly nobody would ever catch him as part of that mob!

What Joe yearned for was, vaguely, a chance! A chance for something to happen that would set him apart from the herd in such light and guise that nobody, not even the rag-chewing, overbearing little whiff of a Bradley girl could fail to notice. When she had seen his real character and surrendered to it, then Joe would be ready. He would go along being indifferent till she had practically thrown herself at his head, then his big moment would come! He'd tell her to grab on to some blame homesteader, who thought farming was a calling in life. The only difficulty with this dank scheme of revenge was that to date Joe Hatch had failed to think of a means of bringing it all about.

And then one Sunday morning he rode forth with Alexander Ross to distribute salt to that person's considerable herd of cattle and a miracle of illumination was performed.

He heard the story of the legendary bull, a vastly ranging critter of such indomitable bearing and spirit as might have fitted him to father Paul Bunyan's own blue ox, Babe. And Joe Hatch from hearing of him and looking upon his posterity, took heart; courage and purpose were born in him full-grown on the spot. From the feckless and unhappy youth he had been, fretting and chewing the hangnails of his despair, Joe emerged with a tail-hold on his destiny and a plan complete in every detail.

It began innocently enough with Joe gazing at the herd as they sampled the salt and asking Ross for a price on the best ten head of she-stuff. There was nothing in Joe's mind beyond the notion that if he found Ross's price on ten head of cows

and then found a buyer at ten dollars a head in advance, he would be gainer by exactly one hundred dollars. Joe often had thoughts of that kind. And Ross, who seldom thought of anything else said: "To pick ten? They'd be a mortal bargain at sixty dollars apiece." "Sure," agreed Joe. "An' if they was better bred they'd be cheaper at fifty."

"What are ye talking about, better bred?" demanded Mr. Ross. "There's no the like of yon cattle for breedin' anywhere! Look now, do ye know what like of a grandsire a' these heifers and grown cows had?"

"A pot-hound!" Joe suggested.

"Will ye hold yer gawb then whilst I tell ye? 'Twas a bull! An' no grander creature walked the earth in his day, nor none so braw! In the early days it was, before Grande Prairie was open for settlement an' the Edson Trail not cut, one of the tradin' companies was for bringin' a band of cattle into the Prairie by way of Athabasca and Lesser Slave, ye understand. Good beef types the she-stock were, wi' two great waddlin' home-bred sires to match, and they passin' through Grouard when this bull I'm speakin' of annexed himself to the herd. And wasn't he the doughty one! Look at the tremenjous spirit and character in him! Look what he accomplished!"

"What?" asked Joe Hatch.

"Faugh!" said Mr. Ross and gestured with his hands. "Ha"

ye no imagination? Forefathered himsel' a strain of cattle, he did; triumphed ower all manner of adversity, what with the efforts of three herders an' the two intended sires to defeat his high purpose."

"I'll make it fifty-five," offered Joe. "Looks like that bull should ought of been chased ragged."

"Ha, but he wouldna be, understand. There's the brilliant example of him! Do ye fancy he'd be of a spirit like you, now, to wilter at the fair thought of seventy-five dollars apiece for picked cattle? No! He was no one to quail at an obstacle. A grand animal, almighty pertinacious—"

"I'll go to the sixty," interrupted Joe. "What was that word again?"

"Sold!" said Mr. Ross enthusiastically. "The wurrud was pertinacious. It means holdin' fast to that which is good."

It began as simply as that. And when Joe Hatch had cut out the ten cows of his choice and looked upon them as his own, he knew the rest of it. He would go into the cattle business! Yes, and he would run his stock in the Kleskun Hills so that when he went riding about that country on business the darned Bradley girl would know it and wonder why he didn't come to see her. Her curiosity would gradually get the best of her till, as time went on, she would be moving heaven and earth to make him notice her.

But that was to be a long time coming. Joe Hatch had heard every word Alexander Ross uttered in his fervid eulogy of the bull. The moral lesson conveyed was not lost upon him; he too would adhere to a single purpose, would be indomitable and pertinacious and, as he came to remember them, more of the fine strong words old Aleck used. All on the quiet, he would undermine that girl's unflattering opinion of him. It required only time and skill and Joe Hatch estimated he had heaps of both.

It being Sunday, he would ride up and see if Athabasca Red had made a move toward getting out the logs for a shack as he had been threatening to do. In view of the perfect plan he had now, Joe was able to commend himself for having yielded to Red's importunities in filing on the piece of land. Of course, a certain amount of land would be necessary for his ranching headquarters.

One fair look at the fine log cabin squatting so complacently on his homestead and Joe yanked his brown horse to a stop.

A whole new house all cocked and primed to set up housekeeping in! Joe sat and stared and, after the first sharp seizure of misgivings had passed, began to swear in a repressed and ab-

"Sit down," the red-haired Bradley girl told him, "and make yourself real comfortable while I tell you what I think of you!"

solutely disgusted fashion.

This, he recognized, was what came of letting numbskulls go ahead on their own judgments.

Where he had merely told Red

to shuck out a load of poles and have them ready for throwing together into what would look kind of like a house, this was the result. Now his hand was tipped! Naturally

everybody would suppose he had rushed in and grabbed this land on the Bradley girl's account and built himself this swell-looking house as a special argument. Yes, and when he failed to go near the girl, why she could let on she'd already mitted him and his goose would be cooked before he got it hatched.

Athabasca Red now arrived alongside Joe after traversing a wide detour occasioned by swamps. He wore the pleased expression of a man about to be convicted of excellence.

"What in thunder," Joe demanded of him, "did you think I wanted built; a nine-room house?"

It was characteristic of Athabasca Red that he failed to recognize any sarcasm in Joe's comment. "Ain't it a darlin', though! Notice how I didn't use any chinkin' between the

logs? I grooved 'em out underneath and fitted 'em on the one below!"

"Yeah, but—"

"I figgered to myself, I says, the best ain't any too good in a case like this, so I made the sawmill man give me nearly dry lumber. For roofin' it you know, and layin' down the floor."

"Floor! You didn't go buy lumber and floor it?"

"Now Joe," Red protested.

"You couldn't hardly expect to set up housekeepin' and it not floored, which wouldn't be healthy, besides a person's nearly workin' their head off to keep it clean. You come look inside. You might only



Joe larruped the one-eyed brute sharply into motion as befitted a man about to succor a damsel in distress.

think it was all one room but it ain't. There's three; one big and two littles."

Ultimately Joe consented to be shown his house but he was not happy about it. Athabasca Red babbled cheerfully on, alternately praising his own handicraft and the cleverness of various ideas that had been incorporated by him. "Like lettin' this roof stick over the end eight feet to make a porch," he explained. "Lots of people got porches that way, but where'd you find one with pillars and a rail around it like this? Two people could sit out here with a smudge, evenin's, and what better could they want? It sticks over the back some too, so's washin' and such can dry, even when it rains."

Joe Hatch said, "Washin'!" with a bitter sneer and went inside. He stared at the wide, inviting room and shuddered, thinking what people would say. They might even sympathize with him. Or else they'd laugh! Not to his face, of course; not anybody that knew his reputation. Yes, and he'd probably have to kill somebody on account of it and his whole life would be wrecked when marrying the durn girl had never entered his head. It was too bad! And all because a durned mutt—

"Looky here Joe," Red was saying. "We can't go in yet 'count of the floor, but I guess you can look." He stood at the door of one of the smaller rear chambers and as he swung it open, Red announced with great delicacy: "This here's a bedroom!"

Most of its features and furnishings were quite visible but Red felt obliged to enumerate them and to gesture with his disengaged hand. The little stand table was for—like a dressing table to put things on such as hairpins and combs. And when Red got done with that empty jam case it was going to be a medicine chest and nailed to the wall above the table with a mirror on the door of it, for doing up hair or anything.

Only it would have to be nailed kind of low on purpose, as Joe understood. It wouldn't look right just because a person was short, for her to have to climb on a chair to look at herself, especially a married woman.

Joe tore himself loose from Red's restraining hand and plunged and stamped about in a

terrible frenzy of rage and exasperation.

Red heard him out in shocked surprise and when Joe had begun to repeat himself badly, Red bleated: "Why, Joe, I figgered—"

"Dry up! You ain't got brains enough to figger! Supposin' I did go ahead with this land, I'd want me a house like any homesteader where you can sit on the bunk and reach the stove and table 'thout gettin' up."

With the bubble of his fine plot thus burst and its fragments settling about his ears, Joe continued to sit there and morbidly curse the author of his misfortune. And presently he began to understand what Red was saying.

"I won't be gone long so you stay right in that chair and rest yourself."

"Where you goin'?" Joe demanded.

"I wouldn't go at all," explained Red, "only a Sunday afternoon's apt to be the worst time, 'cause the homesteaders all wash and shave Sundays and they like to show themselves then. I kind of promised myself to happen in ever' Sunday, seein' her old man's generally gone Sundays and some week days. He ain't much good when he's home either, except for runnin' around the country helpin' drink up people's permits."

"Who—?"

"I spoke to him about it," Red continued. "I says 'You ought to be ashamed hoggin' down permits offa fellers that's hankerin' to be your son-in-law. It ain't decent on account of her.' So I got to go over reglar and see to things and try to catch somebody botherin' her. Like this Waters feller that's got a homestead toward Nordstrom's apiece. I've run him two times already but I ain't caught him yet. You just rest, Joe, till—"

"Where," howled Joe, "are you goin'?"

"Why, over to Bradley's like I said! With just the girl there alone and her old man the way I told you, why somebody's got to. Some of these guys get awful fresh, Joe! Like this Waters: first time he came he just rode up and hollered. She come to the door and said what did he want an' he says 'I want to see what you look like.' You know yourself," Red insisted, "that was fresh of him! Trouble is, if I happened to bust one good I'd get arrested. What they need is some feller about their own size with a good horse and maybe a gun to run 'em. That way they'd stay run. You keep a-restin', Joe, and I'll be right back."

"Wait a minute," Joe ordered. "If anybody's got to go it'd better be me." Joe was starting as he spoke. He pulled his hat down on his head and reassured himself by laying a hand on the faithful Betts whose yellowed ivory handle protruded from the top of his trousers. He swung aboard the brown horse and larruped that one-eyed brute sharply into motion as befitted a man about to succor a damsel in distress. This was different! A person might not think so but it was; pride couldn't stand in his way when it came to acting like a gentleman!

With no more than Red's crude outline of her predicament as a starting point, Joe succeeded in imagining a series of harrowing tragedies threatening the Bradley girl, before he reached her place.

Certainly the Sabbath calm pervading the premises disconcerted him. He rapped on the door of the cabin and was promptly challenged from within.

"Who is it?"

"Me!" Joe answered truthfully.

"Oh, is it? Well I haven't seen any stray horses lately and I couldn't tell you how to find the road into Prairie City. If it's bread you want baked, I won't do it, even if my father promised I would! There's your sack of flour outside the door; take it with you when you go!"

[Continued on page 60]



That's just the way I figgered, said Athabasca Red to himself.

Sheila was looking
for ADVENTURE
when LOVE took
off his Mask

HALF

SWORDS

By NALBRO BARTLEY

Illustrations by
Will Perrin



"I'll do anything I can to help and advise, Badgy," Braddock said, "but I would demand a great proof that you have been mistaken and that you still care!"

BRADDOCK glowered at his son and his son glowered at Braddock. Both failing to speak, their thoughts strayed into ridiculous reveries, the ticking of the clock sounding like the blows of a hammer. During this tenseness, Badgy came upon them. She wanted to perform some last rites which neither Sheila nor Nancy could have understood. Things such as salvaging Tom's first products of manual training school, that unwieldy footstool, the tie-rack which his father had never seemed to appreciate, a last search for certain baby pictures of the children, a sentimental inven-

tory of the hall cupboard where trash and treasures were harbored.

"I'm sorry," as she interrupted the tableau, Braddock all scowls and Tom sullen and silent.

"Wait," Braddock raised a detaining hand, his eyebrows drawn into a forbidding line.

"Has—has anything else happened?" Badgy asked with a nervous little laugh. "Has he said anything—"

Braddock gave a brief laugh. It was not a contagious sound. "This time your lover and not your husband has



proved the disturbing element. Speak out, Tom—tell her yourself."

"Nancy's got a crush on Drew and Drew has a crush on my wife," said her son in short, clipped syllables. "It seems that Nancy went to the play tryouts without telling me and Drew chose her, says she is a rare find and all that, has flattered and fooled her and turned her head. I think you've made a poor choice for a second husband, Badgy. You will have him pursuing every new find that comes his way. I've told Nancy this but she won't take it seriously. She can't see why I do. And so—"

"And so," thundered Braddock, unable to refrain from interrupting, "this whippersnapper son says he rather thinks that his marriage is called off—called off," mind you, as if it were a football game or a frat dance!"

"How do you mean that Drew likes Nancy?" Badgy asked.

"Just as he likes any pretty young thing," said her son with more force than politeness. "He's kidding himself that he is interested in youth, beauty, talent as mere abstract qualities, a lot of trumped up formulas that he spouts at afternoon teas. Someone else will come along and Drew will turn to them and Nancy will have to join the sidelines. Until then, I'm out of the picture, just as you are."

Badgy made a protesting gesture. "It's not true—"

Braddock and his son regarded each other in sudden sympathy. Then Badgy ventured:

"I was afraid to know him, I tried not to, I—"

"That was your great charm—your resistance," explained Sheila from the doorway. "Oh, mummy, don't be dashed. It's quite all right—if it hadn't been Nancy, it might have been me! That is why I said marriage with Drew was impossible, just as marriage with the dad is unendurable."

Will Perrin

The family glared at Sheila as she found a chair.

"I shall see both Drew and Nancy," announced Badgy. "It can all be straightened out. I understand something of what Sheila is attempting to say."

"Really, darling?" Sheila was enthusiastic. "Then

tell Drew it's all right to go on discovering Nancys until the end of time."

"First, I must see your father alone," Badgy insisted.

Braddock did not seem keen for the tête-à-tête. "I want to see you alone, later," he told his son. "Meantime, inform Nancy that marriage is not an amateur theatrical."

"I have told my wife what I wish,"

Tom's was a brave attempt at dignity. "We have our plans—"

Sheila's laugh turned his dignity into brotherly frenzy. "You started all of this—you who actually are—"

Sheila wedged him into the hall where they stood and stared at each other. Sheila broke the spell.

"Nancy isn't gone on him, old Tommy, keep a cool head."

"Of course she isn't—but I'm not going to stand any nonsense—not even innocent stuff. I'm no jellyfish any more than you're the tiger cat, which you tried to convince us that you were."

"Poor, benighted boy," Sheila spoke with as much carelessness as her rising temper permitted. She sailed down the hall, and slipped into the library to call Anthony Riddick's office. Mr. Riddick had left for his Canadian camp, she learned. There was no postoffice address nearer than fifty miles. Native guides were the only ones who knew a direct

route to his lodge situated in the very heart of the woods. Slowly, Sheila returned the receiver to its hook. Two spots of color burned on her cheeks.

"I will," she announced to the bronze fawn who was smiling sardonically upon the proceeding. "I'll accept Tony's challenge! By George, I will."

BRADDOCK waited until Sheila's footsteps had died away. "This boy is headed for ruin," he began brusquely. "His marriage and his career are smashed—what is left?" "He'll be all right," Badgy made herself answer, as if Tom's future had completely absorbed her attention. "It's a foolish quarrel. Nancy's a foolish young thing; I'm a foolish old one. I don't blame Drew. I've felt this—"

"What?" snapped Braddock. "That I was wrong to take Drew literally. That I must realize I'm merely a person who wanted to be young just twenty years too late."

"And I the person who wanted you to be old just twenty years too soon," supplemented her husband. "Gad, I thought when a woman married, she was through with foolishness. It seems that I'm wrong. But I can stand the weight of error," squaring his shoulders in combative manner. "I acknowledge no regrets so far—"

"That's it; the rest of us do," Badgy argued. Sheila's mysterious, three-cornered note informed Badgy:

"Gone into the wilds to Tony. This had to be. Use your judgment in telling the dad.

Sheila."

Badgy laid the note aside. Other things demanded her attention. In that moment of listening to her husband berate his son's intention to "call his marriage off" because of the first difference of opinion, Badgy realized that she had been a happy fool for almost a year. She had been attempting to act her dreams rather than dream her acts—only to be awakened rudely to the fact that she was forty-two. No, it had never been real. Nor had she ever quite believed.

Odd that she did not grieve for Drew. She was able to think of him as one thinks of long ago, unimportant incidents.

For twenty-three years she had lived with Tom and had borne him three children. They had ceased speaking of this third child but she was often in Badgy's thought, although she had died after two weeks. Tom had slipped in after the dismal little funeral and had kissed her hand and mumbled something about their being closer than ever.

Badgy went below stairs, wandering through the partially dismantled rooms to estimate and mentally unpack. There was not much to be done, after all.

Oh, what a very silly game it had been! She must see Drew as soon as possible and tell him so.

Drew had proposed that they meet at the Blue Peter tea-room. The green smocked hostess tactfully withdrew as soon as her guests were served.

Drew was talking on between sips of tea and deliberate draws at a pale blue Russian cigarette. He was making out quite a case for himself and herself and everyone, as a matter of fact. He was digressing about the new comedy and what a dear this Nancy was. Shy, sweet, unassuming like a moss rosebud, possessed of all the qualities which made for someone else's inspiration.

Badgy's lips curved into a somewhat bitter smile. Inspiration! Drew could not get away from that word.

"Drew, think of the tight jam you'd be in if I insisted that we marry," Badgy whispered with amusement. "Wouldn't you be an embarrassed step-papa to Nancy? Let's be honest. Let's end the game. You are enjoying Nancy because she is an antidote to me. Oh, I don't mind admitting it. You can't help it; I think I almost understand. But hands off as regards Nancy. Find someone else for the part, make her any sort of an excuse you like, only let it be definite. She'll go weep on Tom's shoulder and Tom will fancy that he has done the trick. Come, you owe me that much. I give you up—and you give up my son's wife . . ."

She trailed into silence. Had it been possible that once she had schemed, almost prayed to meet this blonde tea hero? Was it possible that neither her husband nor her children nor her friends had brought her to her senses—but her daughter-in-law? Humiliating but undeniable thought!

Drew was extricating himself neatly, he thought, and with astonishing pangs of regret. Although Badgy had neither rouged nor worn her sub-deb clothes, she seemed unusually attractive. Dash it, she seemed keen to be away. As things now resolved themselves, Drew must give Badgy up and Nancy up and go on drifting, being bored and occasionally serious and finding some new "inspiration."

Presently, Badgy vanished up the steps of the Blue Peter. She hailed a taxi and drove down to Tom's lumber yards facing the harbor. They were careless piles of wood dotted with shanty-like offices and ungainly truck sheds. On one of these shanties was the sign: Executive Offices, Thomas Braddock and Company. Private!

She invaded the choky atmosphere of tobacco and dust and interrupted Tom at dictation. He was leaning back in a swivel chair, his hat pushed at one side and beads of perspiration on his forehead.

He nodded for Badgy to wait.

The letter ended, he dismissed his stenographer into an adjoining shanty, and regarded Badgy with as little curiosity as was possible.

"Is it about Nancy and Tom—" he hazarded.

"No, but they'll be all right. I'm sure of it—"

"So am I. I've had another talk with Tom and advised him more in detail. Nancy just telephoned me that she wasn't going on with her part. Seems she doesn't please the Lord High Executioner. This hasn't been a bad experience for them to have right at the start. Just what was it that you wanted?"

Here, Badgy began to realize how difficult was her task. She spoke in lame phrases, not at all resembling the fluent statements she had composed and mentally rehearsed. There was something in Tom's face which she had never seen before—unbelief.

"Won't you understand?" she urged. "That I didn't mean—"

"Badgy," unconsciously using the pet name, "you can't begin to disrupt my life and our marriage and suddenly come to me, after the wheels have been set into motion and expect me to dismiss the matter and welcome you with open arms. For the first time in my life, I don't believe you—rather, I don't believe that you know just what you think or intend or want . . . perhaps I made marriage and husbandhood too much a practical proposition. When Sheila disillusioned me, I did what any man ought to do. I offered to release my wife from what must have been a very unpleasant position—"

Badgy tried to interrupt but he kept on:

"I'll do anything that I can to help and advise, but I would demand a great proof that you have been mistaken and that you still care. I want proof conclusive."

SHEILA'S waverings did not begin until leaving Montreal where she posted a startling note to Tom and Nancy as proof that she was making good her threats. Then the dismalness of the train sheds and the early hour of departure, the second rate coach which she shared with weather-beaten men and frowzy women caused discomforting doubts.

Suppose that she found no guide to take her to Tony's lodge, Dun Roaming? Suppose that she found not only Tony but a party of friends? What would Tony do and say?

By and by, she wondered what would happen if she did find Tony alone, just what was it she was going to say to him? A confusion, preliminary to realization, overwhelmed her.

There was a stop for breakfast at a shedlike station. Back-woodsmen with guns and duffle bags boarded the train. They were somehow terrifying.

At dusk she reached the station where one started for Dun Roaming. There was a tottering, frame hotel which included the postoffice and supply store. A woman with a harsh, red face was the proprietress. No, there was no possible way to leave for Mr. Riddick's lodge until morning. The homesickness overwhelmed her as she lay in her narrow bed, sleeping only from exhaustion.

She started for Dun Roaming shortly after dawn, in spite of the threatening rain. She must make good her intentions: that she was a "relative" of Mr. Riddick's, one who had been promised the treat of spending a week in the wilderness at springtime.

"Ze niece of M'sieu?" they asked.

She nodded stubbornly.

Her raincoat became torn, the suède shooting cap lost its

jaunty air. Bravely she clung to her dressing case, the guide grunting directions and handling the canoe and pack. Now they were fording streams, now paddling, now pausing to cook bacon, squash, biscuits and coffee, now on again.

"Ze niece of M'sieu?" was all the guide said during the first part of the journey. And during the last part: "M'sieu ol' fren'—fine fella, py Gar!"

She was safe with this guide because she was supposed to be Tony's niece.

At dusk they reached a withered brown cabin guarded on three sides by giant pines.

Sheila struggled with a new emotion as the guide surprised the "fine fella" at his supper.

"M'sieu has brave niece—like M'sieu," a complimentary hand flourishing in Sheila's direction.

Inconsistently, Sheila was wondering how she might have reacted had she found Tony with some light love such as she had threatened to become. She knew nothing definite of Tony's life,



"It's good to love someone until it hurts," Sheila said. "It is," Tony answered, holding her close and finding her lips.

a family reunion, "so you accepted my challenge. I'm flattered but mad."

She was silent. Her thoughts had expressed so much that she fancied Tony suspected something of what they had said. Words seemed superfluous—young words, at least.

"You must stay here tonight," she added. "Tomorrow you can go back with French and just make the mid-week train."

He interpreted her tears as expressing weariness, hunger. He thought she was merely uncomfortable, a little ill at ease. She wanted him to realize that she was experiencing as poignant a tragedy as any woman could experience.

"Let's eat," Riddick announced—quite sure that she was crying because she was hungry.

He spoke a French word and the guide joined them. They sat around a pine table, the guide eating with noisy enjoyment. Tony was talking about weather, animals, possible tourist invasions, the winter storms . . . with now and then a glance at Sheila who struggled to enjoy the hunter's stew.

"My niece cannot stand this sort of thing," she heard Riddick explaining. "I was always afraid of it . . . oh, she's quite game but utterly fagged. She better go back with you tomorrow."

A fine, cutting rain, almost like snow, rattled at the windows. The blazing black log provided unequal heat. There were army cots and rough, black woolen blankets. Sheila found herself billeted in a little ante room, unheated and unlighted save for a tallow candle. Riddick told her in an uncle-like manner to:

"Run along, child, get all the rest you can . . . never try this again."

The guide grunted something which Sheila knew approved Tony's advice. Her faint good [Continued on page 43]



«The little black schooner, racing in the open ocean under every rag possible, was a thing of thrills.»

Sail that Clipper!

«The Gallant Chronicle of a salty Skipper, his not-so-salty Crew, the little black Schooner and a Race well run»

By

Captain A. E. Dingle

Illustrations by W. J. Aylward

OVER the New London River the sun shone after a rainy and foggy night. At nine o'clock in the morning, out of the creeks and crannies where they had harbored overnight, twenty-two yachts crept, bound for the starting line, off Sarah's Ledge, for the great New London-Bermuda Ocean Race. The smallest was a yawl, from Bermuda: thirty-four feet over all. The largest, a whale of a ship among the rest, an eighty foot fisherman from Nova Scotia. And in between were new boats, old boats, fine boats, and the modest craft of moderate men. Boats manned completely with crews of natty yachtsmen; others manned by a handful of sheer amateurs going for the sport of it, with small hopes of winning, with no expectation of getting a big price for their boat afterward on account of her record; with nothing, in short, except the love of the game and devotion to the sea.

There were yacht designers, yacht builders, men representing Yachting and Boating publications, artists, authors, automobile salesmen—and one or two professional navigators, masquerading as amateurs—but all, first and foremost, determined to beat the other fellow across the line off St. David's Head, blow high, blow low, carrying sail like the clippers of old—so far as was possible in craft which most of the clippers could have carried at their davits for lifeboats.

And at the starting line the fog rolled down!

Boats drifted down to the line, or were towed by friends: for all motors had been sealed for the race, and a broken seal meant disqualification. In such a flat calm, twenty-two craft of all sizes jockeying for the start of a seven hundred mile deepwater race in a sea as glassy as a mirror. The preparatory gun went off, and nothing happened except that such boats as could steer headed for the line. The starting signal

was made, and half the yachts drifted back, stern-first, across the line after crossing it.

"Some start for a race!" could be heard coming out of a fogbank.

"Don't worry! You'll get plenty outside!" came from the committee boat. Then even that craft was blotted out in mist, with the yachts, while Sarah's Ledge fog signal screamed, and Race Rock siren whooped, and bells began to clatter all about the harbor mouth.

"Good-luck!" That was from the committee boat. The faintest of airs drove the fog in whorls, and the invisible twenty-two were off on their invisible race. Aboard the little black schooner Gauntlet were four of a crew: The skipper, the Bucko Mate, the Artist, and Long John Silver. It was Long John's first trial at sailing, so he volunteered to cook. Old Socky, the skipper's own Bermudian cook, had been nefariously shanghaied on board another Bermuda entry after coming up to join his own vessel. The Artist was a cheery soul who saw mermaids in the whitecaps and houris in the cloud-lets; and who believed that so long as the navigator set a course it mattered not how the course was steered. The Bucko was a Bluenose, and worth two ordinary men as a small craft sailor. The skipper sailed his boat for love of the sea, and was content to sleep on the galley floor, with a sack of spuds for a pillow, if only he could hear the seas shouting outside.



Seas didn't shout at the start of that race. Five minutes after losing sight of the committee boat, there was nothing to see but fog. Nothing to hear but clattering bells, foghorns, the lighthouse sirens, and a queer, elusive sighing which might easily be the gentle wash of a waveless sea about moving hulls. Infrequently there came a creak of gear; otherwise twenty-two sailing yachts setting out to cross the Gulf Stream on a busy Saturday morning in June might as well have been Phantom Ships.

"Glorious, glorious! A whole keg o' beer atween fo' of us!" A rich baritone voice floated down from a direction where much creaking of gear began to be heard.

"That's Old Socky! That's his war cry!" the skipper announced. And right up in the air alongside suddenly loomed two topsails and a huge fisherman's staysail.

"Toot thè horn, Long John! Hey, Sylvia ahoy!"

"Ahoy yourself! Is that Gauntlet? Howdo, cap'n! They got me shanghaied here! Billy sent yo' all up two bottles o' rum. Stand by to ketch 'em!"

From the big black bulk of the biggest schooner in the race flew a bottle, and the Bucko Mate broke his nose diving for it as it smashed on the bulwarks.

"Have a heart! Don't bust that other one!" bawled Long John Silver, pumping away on the foghorn in desperation, regardless of the proper toots, in a perfect frenzy of fear

«"She's leaking badly!" the Bucko Mate reported quietly. He was too good a sailorman to roar that out.»

for the fate of that one precious bottle of Bermuda Elixir. "Let 'er come, Socky!" roared the Bucko, his nose bloody but his head unbowed. "Come on!" Again the cast, and again a dive, and a bottle well caught, while the skipper up with his helm and sheered off just barely avoiding a collision with the big boat.

"We'll tell 'em you're on your way when we get in!" the Sylvia jeered.

"Don't bother. We'll carry our own messages and tell 'em we passed you!" yelled Long John, sore over that broken bottle.

"If you'll open this bottle while I caulk up my busted nose, maybe we can raise a breeze with a snifter apiece," growled the Bucko Mate.

The remedy brought no breeze right away. But it seemed to exert some attraction, for out of the gray blanket that smothered the schooner came noises, phantoms, and alarums.

Afternoon waned. Montauk Point siren was faintly heard. There was a small air of wind, and tide setting down the Sound. Night came. Still fog. Still little wind.

"I'll take the Artist in my watch, and we'll turn in for an hour or two," the skipper said, tired of racing against nothing. The schooner had all the sail she could set, and twenty men could not make her sail faster in that mess of fog and calm. "Call me if you see the light. If you don't see it, call me when the siren bears west. Keep a good look out, and don't neglect the stove. Keep a big pot of coffee going, and make a pan of hash or beans for the night watch."

When the watch turned out at midnight, there was a moon high up above the lifting fog.

"See the light?" the skipper wanted to know.

"Not a glimpse. Siren last bore west, but I haven't heard it for half an hour."

"Nothing in sight?"

"NOT a thing. But there's a bit of breeze stirring under that fogbank," the mate said, and took himself off below to mug-up and get all the sleep he could out of four hours below. Long John Silver wasn't sure he liked ocean racing, yet. But he was a good sport. As he rolled into his bunk, dressed for a quick turn-out, he was singing:

"The grass was down for miles around,
Where poor old Sally hit the ground."

Nobody sang much the next morning. There was a hard breeze from the westward, and a sea that made the little schooner dance. A boat, fifty feet over all, racing under every rag possible to hang to her spars, in the open ocean, is a thing of thrills; of cataracting seas, of flashing sprays—and of devilish untranquillity. A sky full of wind, more wind promised, the water not so very warm, and a grey dawn, all conspired to make early morning turning out a thing of shivers for an unaccustomed amateur. But the Bucko Mate grinned at the cracking sails; the skipper smiled at the rushing seas; Long John silently and grimly fried ham and eggs, bracing himself against a bulkhead with shoulder and knee; and the Artist discovered his first mermaid in a long-crested comber that flirted with him over the quarter as he steered.

"See any of the others?" was the great question. The skipper was sweeping with his binoculars.

"Not a thing in sight except a big tanker. Not one blessed bit of sail!" he said.

Not a sail! Out of twenty-two yachts that started across the same line twenty hours ago, bound to the same finish line, not one gleam of sail could be seen beyond the schooner's own big bursting racing jib.

"Take the wheel a minute, Long John, while I take a look," the Bucko Mate mumbled between bites of a thick, greasy ham sandwich. And while the man who had cooked it, thereby losing all desire for fried ham as a seagoing breakfast, steered, muttering his doubts of the skipper's navigational equipment, the Bucko Mate clambered to the spreaders, holding his sandwich in his mouth, and scanned the broad and heaving expanse of grey sea. He stood there at the masthead, swaying with the little ship's giddy motion, eating his tasteful breakfast with zest.

"Sail-ho!" he called down. His arm outflung to the eastward indicated the direction, and the skipper took it off on the compass. "Big schooner under tops'ls and fisherman stays'l. Too far off to make out the hull."

"There's one that isn't ahead of us anyhow," the Artist said, trying to emulate the Bucko in the matter of breakfast and seeming a bit uncertain about it.

"I knew the skipper was right," Long John chimed in from the wheel. "Hand me one o' those sandwiches! Can't we put on more sails, skipper?"

A stiffening breeze, and lumpier seas, and a noonday observation which gave the schooner a credit of ninety miles since midnight—the hour taken as having cleared Montauk Point: and a curl of frothing water along the lee waterways. Then an afternoon of scudding clouds across golden sunlight; a deeper blue to the seas; the log spinning faster until it registered nine knots at times; and sails bursting with sunlit wind until the Bucko Mate gurgled with joy, and Long John Silver, sure at last that he liked ocean racing, stuck a black patch over one eye, hitched his tarry breeks, and piped up:

"Blow the winds, heigh-ho!

A-roving we will go.

We'll stay no more on the dusty shore,
So let the music pla-a-ay."

Then toward dusk, when golden weed was sanguinely looked for, a harder gust of wind bore down out of the sunset. Seas creamed all along the lee deck.

"Cra-ack!" The fisherman's stays'l sheet went, and at once the schooner trembled to the keelbolts under the terrific flogging of the released sail.

"Get it down before the spars go!" roared the skipper; and the Bucko sprang to muzzle the canvas as it was lowered away. The Artist began to think there was something in racing besides mermaids and cresting seas. Long John Silver looked as if he regretted his renunciation of his pre-breakfast opinions.

By midnight again a half gale was blowing; the decks were full of water and spray slashed across with stinging force. But the spray was warm. A great moon rode high among dark clouds that traveled fast. To windward, and all around, squalls marched down wind. There was a weight in every blast of the breeze that forebade the setting of the fisherman again.

"In the Gulf Stream, eh?" the Bucko Mate suggested, sniffing the wind.

"Yes, and blowing," the skipper said, with one eye upon a black squall, and the other on the compass; with both, frequently, peering forward at the big reaching jib, already overmuch for the ship. "Watch that jib. Don't spring the bowsprit. And you'll find you can luff her through most of the squalls; but there's a bank o' dirt to windward that may be troublesome."

Long John came on deck growling. His bunk was wet, from a drip in the deck.

"Ought to have it seen to," he grumbled, grabbing the coffee pot. The Artist was already seeking his bunk. Presently he came aft again.

"Gosh, skipper, I can't sleep in my bunk. It's all wet!"

"Go into mine," quoth Long John gleefully. "Share and share alike with a shipmate!" Long John was singing again as he took his trick at the wheel.

There were no dry beds by morning. The schooner was sadly overpressed, but this was a race, not a pleasure cruise, and even if the skipper had been willing to shorten sail the Bucko Mate would almost certainly have found means to jam the gear so that shortening sail was impossible.

"Let it blow off!" That is the rule in Ocean racing.

A WINDY dawn, and the great, tumbling, deep blue seas of the Stream. Flying fish, and "puffing pigs"—porpoises—tumbling about the bows. A smother of smoky sprays forward that darkened the canvas clear to the head cringles. Patches of golden Sargasso weed, that delighted the Artist and made the skipper curse the interference with the Log rotator. Best of all, for the navigator of a small vessel in an ocean race, a sun observation at Prime Vertical which absolutely placed the ship in the position calculated by dead reckoning. "The Old Man's a wiz!" said Long John, stirring up hash to cook for dinner later on.

The full mainsail had been crying all night to be reefed. The foresail looked as if one more whisper would burst it. The forstaysail was standing to the job, partly sheltered by the big racing jib. But that racing jib! It was too much. Yet it was driving the little ship through the big seas at a speed that promised a chance in the race. Noon came, and the twenty-four-hour run calculated. 198 miles! Nautical miles. In a boat thirty-five feet on the waterline. That was averaging better than eight knots an hour. All hands waiting for the skipper's report. Long John Silver holding on to his pan of hash, not wanting to serve it and nobody wanting it until the report came. Then—

"Marconi yawl or ketch broad on the weather bow!" yelled the Bucko mate from aloft, and Long John slapped the hash into the oven and uttered a howl of ecstasy.

"Yee-ee-ow! That's the Memory! Ain't it, skipper?"

It was. It was the winner of the previous year's race, and the favorite for this one. Anything that could hold that boat at nearly half distance stood a chance to beat her, and what beat her would win.

"Black schooner under two topsails and small fishermen!" bawled the Bucko Mate. "Abeam to windward!"

"Yee-ee-owww! Sylvia!" yelled Long John. "Go to it, skipper! Sail that clipper! Come on, boys, get your hash! Feed yer face and win the race! Whoo-oo!"

The Artist made a sketch. It was full of windy sunlight



and crested seas. Two gleaming points of sail were dancing among the crests; a flying fish made a silvery streak athwart the blue. And sitting on the king roarer of all, hair all flying wild, eyes all full of seduction, two luscious mermaids beckoned to the helmsman of the little black schooner with saucy, flirting tails.

Nobody cared to turn in after dinner that day. The race was on in earnest. The two yachts in sight came nearer, and they did not gain much. Where were the rest of the fleet? Nobody cared. To have the biggest and the fastest in sight was enough. Helmsmen who had given little real thought to careful steering now stuck their noses down to the binhacle glass and steered as if possessed of the genius of accuracy. Then in mid-afternoon came the deluge.

"She's leaking, badly!" the Bucko Mate reported quietly. He was too good a sailorman to roar that out. The skipper thought over all possible sources of a leak.

"It's over the cabin floor," said the Bucko.

"Start the rotary pump over the sink," the skipper suggested. "That's an easy pump. Doesn't make any splurge. If it doesn't clear her we'll make a search. The schooner was caulked and made thoroughly tight in Greenport. Must be straining a bit. How about that big jib?"

"We'll carry the big jib if I have to pump her to port myself!" growled the Bucko, and went to his job like the man he was.

In an hour it was certain that the small pump would never clear the ship. No longer was it possible to hide the leak from the rest of the crew.

"Rig the main pump and rattle her free," the skipper ordered, and while two men pumped, and one steered, he started a search for the leak. Under the floor the water could be plainly heard rushing in. All waterpipe connections were tried and found tight. A trip on deck, to look at the cable pipes. All fast. A hurried glance around the ocean. Two specks of sail, drawing fast ahead of the lagging schooner with her water load. Wind in the sky and a windy westing sun.

"How's she making it?"

"Both pumps pulling water to capacity, but the leak's gaining!"

They charged for the line, in black darkness, with the reefs boiling just over the rail.

After two hours of darkness, when the moon was due to show in the cloud breaks, the water again crept over the floor in the cabin in spite of the constant drag of two pumps. Four men were weary. Three men looked enviously upon the lucky one who steered at the moment. The schooner was logging seven knots, lugging her dead weight of water heroically. The sea poured over the lee rail, roaring aft in a torrent. The galley had long been a wet, clattering chaos of everything movable. Long John Silver turned the pump handle over the sink with a lugubrious air, no longer singing. He had long ago stated, with certitude, that the skipper didn't know where the ship was, nor how to get out of it wherever it was.

"There's a red light over there!" the Artist sang out from the wheel, pointing to windward.

"Come on, lads! That's the one we've got to beat! Pump her out, and let her have her head!" the skipper encouraged the pumpers, and fell to work himself with a bucket. Out of the windward spaces floated a mellow old negro voice, coming down the wind:

"Whar was yo' baby bo'n, dahling?
Whar was yo' baby bo'n, dahling?
Whar was yo' baby bo'n, dahling?
Under de coconut tree."

"That's old Socky! Don't let the Sylvia beat us, boys!" the Bucko Mate yelled. "Come on, now! Drag that water out o' her!"

It seemed as if old Socky knew the predicament of the ship he ought to have sailed in, and was sending his encouragement to her on the wings of the wind.

And for an hour the pumps worked terrifically under willing arms and stout hearts; but water coming in faster than pumps took it out meant something more serious than a strain, and the skipper took a flashlight and began a systematic survey below. Under the floors; in the forecabin; in the dark,

narrow, hot and clamorous forepeak; and the rush of water clearly heard but not to be seen. The skipper came out of that tiny hell-hole deathly sick from bad air and cataclysmic motion, shaking his head.

"Take a look for'ard on deck, Bucko," he gasped. In five minutes the Bucko Mate was aft again, looking grim. "Come and look!" he said, trying hard to seem unconcerned. There beneath the big racing jib, roaring full of wet wind, two men lay on the deck, gripping the bowsprit and hooking a leg each around the windlass, and groped down about the stem. Every time the schooner dipped her plunging head, they were submerged. When they came up they sucked in great sobbing draughts of air. And after a suffocating age the skipper crawled back, half drowned.

"Get the big jib off her," he said. "The stem's loose!" And while the halliards and downhaul were manned, he climbed out on the jib footropes and felt around the bowsprit iron with his hands.

"It's just as I thought," he said, coming in on deck. "The iron's pulled back and slacked everything up. And that big jib was too much for the unsupported bowsprit."

They got in the big jib, leaving the pumping while they gathered it in.

"Good-bye race!" muttered Long John, at the wheel. "It ought to have been seen to!"

With two-thirds of the headsail off her the schooner dropped back in her stride. The red light so long held stationary abeam drew steadily ahead.

"Good night ladies, good night ladies,
Good night ladies, we're going to leave you now!"

That came down from the racing yacht abeam. And nobody had heart to retort. While the wind driven clouds scudded athwart the smiling moon, and great seas rolled and roared, three men dared drowning up there in the plunging bows, rigging a tackle from bowsprit end to bobstay shackle, bowing it taut with the windlass until the bowsprit was sweated back into its place, and the gaping stem was forced back upon a pad of oakum by sheer man strength and grit. And these were not tough, hard-bitted deepwater sailors; but easy-going men of the land, sailing a small ship in a long ocean race for love of the sport. Time and time again one man, or two, or all three would be swept from a foothold by the big seas, to hold on with one hand while hanging to the job with the other. And they got the job done. Done so well that, almost at dawn, the skipper flashed his light on the final result, and announced wearily:

"All right, lads. Set the working jib. Then we'll get the water out of her. We're not out of the race yet."

They returned to the pumps. The water swashed over the floor a foot deep to leeward.

"Here, skipper, take the wheel and let me pump a bit," said Long John, gallantly. And so they pumped. They pumped for two hours, and cleared her before full daylight. Half an hour the skipper watched. The water was mastered. In the first bright shafts of daylight the ocean was scrutinized. One lone sail was glimmering in the young sunlight far ahead.

"Give us some strong coffee, John, with a snort of emergency in it," the skipper suggested. "Faint heart never won fair lady, and if the ship stays on top we'll make a race of it yet."

That was where a race grew heartbreaking. Sleeping in brief snatches, grabbing food as they stood, each man doing a bit more than possible and far more than mere turn called for, they raced the crippled schooner under perilous sail through squall and lull, steep seas and heaving swell, with no competing sail in sight to give the urge that makes the thrill in a contest.

On the morning of the fourth day, under a dazzling sky that held no speck except three wheeling Tropic Birds, over a long heaving blue sea without a breaking crest, among fields of golden weed, and with a warm, light air of wind, the schooner moved slowly towards the islands, only sixty miles away. At the plotting of the position after the morning sights all hands except the helmsman peered over the skipper's shoulder.

"Sight the islands by four this afternoon?" the Artist wanted to know. He was a sanguine soul. He never could understand why a vessel should do seven knots an hour one day and only two another.

"We'll sight 'em when we've sailed about fifty miles," the skipper said, with the wisdom of experience.

"Nobody's had anything on us in navigation, anyhow," put in the Bucko Mate, following the track line down the chart. It ran as straight as a steamer's track.

"Let's take a chance on the big jib again. We're near enough to make port even if we do get crippled," decided the skipper. "Nothing can be very far ahead of us."

They tightened up the emergency bowsprit tackle. They set the big jib again. And a man stood by, watching the effect while the rest got up all kinds of spare sails and hung them up wherever they would catch a little wind. The wind was fast dying away.

"Haven't you got any more rags?" the Bucko demanded.

"Rags, yes, but no halliards. Wait. The masthead flag halliards are strong enough to carry that baby-jib topsail in this air. Set it from the main truck to the fore five-rail. That's all you can do, and let it stay until it carries away."

"Sure! What do we want with flags anyhow?" grumbled Long John. He had been peering through binoculars since sun-up, seeking for some speck of sail to reassure him that the skipper's navigation was all right. He had wanted to doubt it when the morning sight was worked up; but weight of evidence was against him.

It seemed queer that twenty-two sailing yachts, all making the same course over rather less than seven hundred miles of ocean, could so utterly scatter that not one sail was visible from the masthead, which gave a radius of visibility of at least ten miles.

"Even if every boat got off the course, they must come together making the islands," the Bucko said thoughtfully.

"They must be all lost but us," grumbled Long John. The sun was hot. There was less wind hourly. The glare from the sea was blinding. And the job of cooking, sportingly undertaken at first, lost glamor when added to steering, trimming sail, and pumping. Long John's pleasant face was burned red. In one of the schooner's giddy plunges she had thrown him on the stove. Yes, Long John might be excused his little growl.

By late afternoon the breeze was dead. The schooner rolled until she dipped her gunnels; until her bell clattered; until the emergency water casks broke adrift and burst on the deck.

"You'll get cold horse for supper," Long John called out. He was soulfully picking up the wreck of a big pot of beans that lay about his bare feet. The coffee pot had shot across the galley and landed in the sink. On the cabin floor lay a kerosene lamp, a cake of saltwater soap, two opened tins of tobacco, some books, and a pound of talcum powder that John had brought along to offset sunburn. And Long John was very sunburned.

"I'll cook some chili con carne, studio style," the Artist offered, cheerily. "Where is it, Long John?"

"Keep out o' here. I can make chili, deep sea style!" Long John retorted crisply. Long John had a brilliant war record in the aviation branch. He might growl, but never quit.

The Bucko Mate had been aloft for two hours with glasses. How he hung on up there, and found a hand to use binoculars, was known to himself alone. It made the Artist giddy just to look up at the reeling mastheads. But Bermuda's reefs run out to the northward twelve miles, and they are dangerous neighbors by day. At night the splendid lights may be seen in time to avoid the reefs; but by day a small craft may easily be among the reefs long before the land is seen, unless North Rock is sighted. North Rock is a spidery beacon which only good eyes can detect if there is the least glare on the sea or the faintest haze. When the beacon light shows, which is only after dark, a vessel may make the land safely. All in all, the night time is the time for a small craft to approach Bermuda from the northwest. That was why the Bucko Mate swung high up there between sea and sky, for hours. There was a chance that he might make the loom of the land. Long-tails, as the Tropic Birds are called locally, were cruising overhead, their white breasts with the faint green shade seeming transparent in the late sunlight. Longtails are said to be a sure sign that the islands are within a hundred miles.

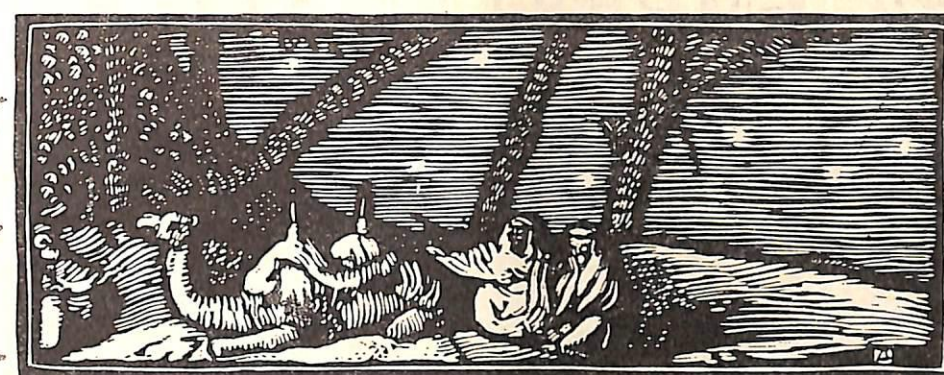
"Might as well come down, Bucko," the skipper called up. "If we're moving at all it's sternwards. What you don't see now you won't see until a breeze comes."

"In a minute! I think I see North Rock!"

Up came Long John, a skillet full of fried spuds in one hand, a saucepan of chili in the other.

"By Glory! That's the finest bit o' navigating I ever heard of!" he yelled, spilling spuds and chili into the cockpit.

"Look at that wonderful sunset!" [Continued on page 58]



EDITORIALS

TEMPLES IN THE U. S. AND CANADA SHOULD DISPLAY BOTH FLAGS AT ALL THEIR MEETINGS

IT IS highly improbable that any Canadian Temple ever met without a Union Jack on display in the Temple. It is equally improbable that any Temple in the United States ever met without the Stars and Stripes. But many Temples in each country fail to show the flag of the other country.

Way back in 1842 the boundary line between Canada and the United States, which together make up the land of the Mystic Shrine, was fixed. Since then, no fort or gun, no war ship or defence of any kind has been needed to protect one country from the other. In peace and happiness we have lived as friends and neighbors, a splendid example to other nations.

This mutual understanding, this peace and harmony, has been materially aided by the citizens of both nations mingling in organizations like the Shrine.

It would be a pretty tribute, if each Temple of the Mystic Shrine displayed in its place of meeting, not only the flag of its own country but the flag of its beloved neighbor, an action which would still further cement and promote the good feeling existing.

The Shrine is not national, it is international. Knowing each other we have learned to love each other. Any move which increases and emphasizes this love is a good move!

THE SHRINE IS THE BROADCASTING STATION OF SMILES, WHERE FROWNS AND WRINKLES DISAPPEAR

WE HAVE to be taught. When we were babies, we had to be taught to eat solid food. We were satisfied with liquid diet and did not like to change.

We had to be taught to talk. Lots of us learned the lesson so well that we do entirely too much of it.

We had to be taught to read and write and spell, although most of us gave up spelling years ago and hired a stenographer.

They taught us to play ten cent limit and a bit of Latin, how to tie a four-in-hand tie, and a little chemistry, how to roll a cigarette with one hand, and a bit of geometry, gave us a sheepskin and sent us out into the world to be taught how to make a living.

Alas, in being taught this bitter lesson, we forgot many of the other things we had learned. We forgot the Latin and Greek, we forgot the chemistry and the geometry; these did not matter, for we had no use for them in our business.

But in the long years of struggle to get our noses above water, we forgot another thing we learned in happy, youthful days. We forgot how to laugh. Our jaws became set.

Then we went into the Shrine and learned how inconsequential were the things we had been doing. We realized

vicariously our own unimportance, and learned again the best lesson of life; that to live, love and laugh is the highest privilege of the animal which walks on its hind legs. It is the one thing which distinguishes him from the brute.

Here and there, night after night, a Shrine Temple teaches men the lesson of laughter. It is the broadcasting station of smiles; men change the frown wrinkles on their faces to laugh wrinkles so that the ends of the wrinkles turn up!

Our crippled children's hospital work is fine! Our Christmas charity is something we may brag about! But the biggest thing in the Shrine is to teach men the important lesson of laughter and happiness!

We have to be taught. What better school than one where dignity is brought low, wealth made to realize its unimportance and fashion gets itself dolled up in a clown suit to dance?

YOU PAY YOUR DUES BUT ISN'T THERE SOME SERVICE YOU CAN RENDER TO YOUR TEMPLE?

NOBLE, how is your income tax with the Shrine Temple to which you belong?

Of course your dues are paid. There is little or no trouble in collecting the dues of a Shriner, for all are anxious to make their little contribution to the local Temple and the Crippled Children's Hospitals.

But how stand the real things which balance an account between a Noble and his Temple?

How is your smile account? Have you paid in full to others all the smiles the Nobility have handed you on the street, in trains, in the Temple, wherever you foregather with your fellowmen?

How is your sick visit account? Have you settled in full for the calls, the flowers, the kindly inquiries made when you were laid up at home? Is the sick account in red or in black in the ledger of your conscience?

How is your general account with the Temple? A hundred Nobles in your Temple at least three times a year plan, rehearse, drill and what not, that the ceremonies may be interesting and amusing to you. They receive nothing for their services. Your dues pay only the actual cash expended by the organization for your benefit. This service is rendered to you by the working element of the Shrine out of the goodness of their hearts.

Arraign yourself before the bar of your own justice, as to how the account stands. Has your income from the Temple been in excess of your outgo to it? You are an honest man or you wouldn't be a Shriner. Have you been entirely honest with your Temple? Isn't there some service you can render to or for it, in return for what you receive?

No one can answer the question but you. No one cares to question you but yourself. But, man to man, are you satisfied with your record?

You pay your dues to your Temple, honestly. But the service account, the smile account, the sick account, the joy account, all really more important; how do you stand on these?

With the IMPERIAL POTENTATE



Wm. Mills & Sons, Providence

(Palestine Temple, Providence, R. I., entertaining the Imperial Potentate, Frank C. Jones, on his official visitation, September 24th, 1928.

THE November issue of The Shrine Magazine went to press in the midst of Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones's visits to various Eastern Temples in late September and early October, our account closing with the programs of Ismailia in Buffalo and Damascus in Rochester, New York, on September 14th and 15th. These followed his presence in Erie, Pennsylvania, on the 13th, the belated report of which was not received in time for publication in the last issue.

The Imperial Potentate reached Erie direct from his home in Houston, Texas, to be the official guest of Zem Zem Temple. He was met by Potentate Henry C. Schacht and other Temple officers, and the group had breakfast in the Lawrence Hotel. After a visit to the Shrine Club the Imperial went to Zem Zem's hospital unit for crippled children, where the little patients greatly enjoyed his chat with them. At luncheon at the Kahkwa Country Club he discussed hospital affairs with its board of trustees. In the afternoon he and his party had a boat ride on Lake Erie, returning to the Shrine Club for the banquet in his honor, attended by the officers, Past Potentates, and heads of all the Temple's working units.

One of the biggest and best gatherings ever arranged by Media Temple of Watertown, New York, was that of September 19th, graced by the presence of the Imperial Potentate. It was a monster clambake, but the real feature was the reception to the Imperial and his reply, the burden of which was his outline of the Order's hospital work and the necessity for enlarging it throughout the North American continent. He said \$8,000,000 had been spent in maintaining the ten hospitals and five mobile units, with a total of 22,000 corrections or cures of children who but for the free treatment given by Shriners would have been crippled all their lives.

Hundreds of Nobles greeted the Imperial in Troy, New York, with scores being from other Temples of neighboring States and Canada. This was on September 21st, the first greeter being Potentate Ralph C. Rennie of Glens Falls, who rules over Oriental Temple. The reception in Germania Hall was in conjunction with dinner in the Hendrick Hudson Hotel, attended by officers of Oriental of Troy, New York; Cyprus of Albany; Cairo of Rutland, Vermont; Karnak of Montreal; and Abou Saad of the Panama Canal Zone.

(On the previous day, September 20th, Noble Jones had been in Albany, attending the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children. That night he had dinner with the officers of Cyprus Temple at Wolferts Roost Country Club.)

He reached Providence, Rhode Island, on September 23rd, from Springfield, Massachusetts, under escort of Potentate Solomon of Palestine Temple of Providence and Past Imperial Potentate Dunbar. Palestine officers conducted him to the Pomham Club, where 300 Nobles enjoyed a Rhode Island shore dinner in the Imperial's honor. The Imperial pointed out in his address, as he had in Boston, that 1800 crippled children in all parts of North America are on the long waiting list of the Shrine hospitals and mobile units.

The visit of Imperial Potentate Jones to Aleppo Temple on September 25th was enjoyed by all. He made the trip to Boston

over the road in company with Past Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar, George M. Hendee of Melha, Springfield, and Potentate Walter S. Pease of the Springfield Temple. A most cordial reception greeted the head of the Order upon his arrival in the suite of the temple in the Statler building.

Potentate Francis H. Appleton had arranged a delightful and informal program. There were on hand to greet the distinguished guest Chief Rabban Samuel C. S. Haskell; Recorder Walter W. Morrison, Junior Past Potentate; Major Fred E. Bolton, Imperial Council representative and head of the Arab Patrol of the Temple and Second Ceremonial Master; Alomon E. Greenleaf, High Priest and Prophet; Clarence J. McKenzie, Oriental Guide; Joseph W. Work, Treasurer; Frank A. North, First Ceremonial Master; William L. Cummings, Marshal; Walter E. Knight, Director; Frank Seiberlich, Outer Guard; Henry B. Perkins, Steward; Louis Harlow, Director of the Drum Corps. At the conclusion of the luncheon the guest of honor was summoned into the office of the Potentate, who presented him with a beautiful Willard Clock, a replica of one in the State House and containing a view of that building. Noble Jones then spoke of the tie that binds him to the Hub through his wife, who studied music in Boston. Following the presentation the guest and Potentate Appleton together with the Secretary of the Governor of the Commonwealth, Herman MacDonald, went to the State House. Owing to illness Governor Alvan T. Fuller, himself a member of Aleppo, was unable to receive the visitor, and this devolved upon Lieutenant Governor Frank Allen, also a member of Aleppo and candidate for Governor, who did the honors in the most approved style. In the evening Noble Jones dined with the Potentate of Aleppo and his Divan at the Copley Plaza Hotel. The following morning the Imperial Potentate and Potentate Appleton motored to Portland and then Lewiston, Me., the home of Dana Williams, the only New England member of the Imperial Divan. Potentate Appleton also accompanied the Imperial Potentate to Montreal.

The Imperial Potentate, accompanied by Noble Samuel P. Cochran, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, and Mrs. Cochran, both of Dallas, Texas, and Potentate Appleton of Aleppo, reached Portland, Maine, at 5:00 P. M. on September 26th. They were received by Potentate Walter P. Ordway of Kora Temple, Lewiston, and Dana S. Williams, Esq., of Lewiston, Imperial Second Ceremonial Master. There was a banquet in the Eastland Hotel, attended by thirty-five officers and Past Potentates of Kora Temple. Following the Imperial's address he was presented with a silver water pitcher, the Temple's spokesman being Past Imperial Potentate J. Putman Stevens.

While in Portland he saw historical sites, including the birthplace and home of Longfellow. He went to Lewiston for a brief inspection of Kora's Mosque, and stayed a short time at Poland Springs. Kora's dining room is generally credited with having the best collection of Arabic oil paintings in the world.

Anah Temple of Bangor, Maine, farthest north and farthest east of Shrinedom, welcomed the Imperial on the 27th. He was accompanied by Noble and Mrs. [Continued on page 56]

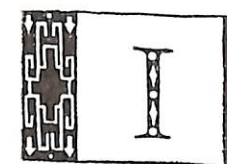


WITHIN THE SHRINE



round the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson



I AM on the down hill side of my trip from the crib to the coffin. I am nearer a hundred years than I am to the rocking cradle. I am a pretty dumb old chap, but in that long trip I have learned one or two things quite well, I thank you! In the school of

Life I could get 100% on one or two subjects. I am old enough to have stopped looking for the high hill in my town on which they will erect a statue to my memory. I am young enough not to bother about the cemetery lot in which they will bury me. I am entirely satisfied to know that there will be as many as several Masons in my town who will walk slowly behind me with real regret.

In my life I have done all of those things which I wanted to do. Every one of us does that. The blue-nosed reformer and the village drunkard each does what he wants to do. We fellows in between those extremes do the same thing.

I believe in God and in friendship more firmly than I ever did. I believe with old Omar that "He's a Good Fellow and 'twill all be well." Every man worships his own particular kind of a God in his own particular kind of a way. I don't believe that all the writers and preachers in the world ever changed one of us on that subject. We all get our ideas of God from the most sacred source in the world, our mother's knee. There is no use talking or writing about God.

Taking an earthly subject and looking back over my shoulder, I don't believe I ever did any one particular harm. So I haven't many regrets. In all the speeches I ever made or all the words I ever wrote, I have never done anybody any particular good! I have sinned like the deuce, but I have plenty of time for repentance, so I put it off just like you do, Noble!

I don't keep a diary. I don't play a saxophone. I don't carry an umbrella under my arm with the ferrule sticking out, I don't get drunk, and I pay my bills.

I have written about myself for one object; I want you to know that I am the average man like that fellow in Chicago they wrote so much about in the papers a year ago.

As I sit here, with my hands sometimes on the keys of this typewriter and at other times lying in my lap or reaching for a cigarette, the big thing which bulges out in my life like a small boy's sore toe with a rag on it, is the fact that friendship is the only worth-while thing in life.

We weary of eating and drinking, of going up and down the world, of looking at the blue sky which arches over it, of the forests that cover it, at the silver ribbons of the brooks and rivers which wander across its face. We tire of the search after stocks, bonds, lands and money, realizing when it is too late, that the things we strove to own, own us. We tire of the chase after the bauble of fame whether it comes to us in the form of seeking an humble position as Junior Steward in a Blue Lodge or a desire to be president. We grow tired of our study of the books and the ideas scribes like me have recorded in them.

But one thing no man ever grew tired of, and that is the face which brightens when he comes and the eyes which crinkle at the corners when they rest on him: the hand which shoots out like a piston when he gets within reach.

These are the outward evidence of friendship. That man who has stored up a large number of friends has saved better than he who has saved mere greasy dollars. That fellow who increased his circle of friends to cover a large area has builded better than the poor fish who has increased the area of his real estate holding, for he can use only a space six by four when the lodge drops in the sprigs of acacia.

It is trite but true; the only way a man can have friends is to be one. The real misfortune of life is that we devote so much time to the accumulation of the worthless things, and so little to the art of making friends. [Continued on page 43]

WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE JOHN N. SEBRELL
Khedive Temple
Jacksonville, Fla.

Our Imperial First Ceremonial Master was born in Sebrell, Virginia, in 1871. He graduated from Randolph Macon College, and in law from the University of Virginia. At once putting out his shingle, he became a successful member of the bar, and practiced in Norfolk. At the age of 30 he was elected to the General Assembly of Virginia, serving three years, and then declining all other public preferment, except the Presidency of the Norfolk City Council.

His father, the justly honored James E. Sebrell, who died in 1924 at the age of 92, in his 71 years as a Mason served as Master of six different Lodges, and for 46 years District Deputy Grand Master of Virginia. All of his six sons became Masons, five serving as Masters of the Lodge. Five are living, four of whom are Shriners, the other being a Knight Templar. Noble John is Past Master of Courtland Lodge (like his father before him); Past High Priest of United Royal Arch Chapter of Norfolk, the oldest in Virginia; charter member of John Walters Royal Arch Chapter; Past Eminent Commander, Grice Commandery, K.T.; member of Auld Consistory, Scottish Rite.

In the Shrine he was admitted by Acca, of Richmond, later being made Imperial Council Representative. In 1909 he was a charter member of Khedive, becoming Potentate in 1911, and a Representative continuously since its inception. He has worked on seven standing committees of the Imperial Council. In 1924 he was elected Imperial Outer Guard.



NOBLE D. F. SCRIBNER
Kaaba Temple
Davenport, Iowa

On October 18th Kaaba celebrated its 50th anniversary, ranking 11th among the Order's 157 Temples, and being the first to be chartered west of the Ohio River. It was a proud day for Fred Scribner, and all of the Temple's 5000 members, plus the hundreds who went to Davenport from many other places to join in the celebration, felt that he deserved the honor of presiding over the festivities and formal official proceedings. Back of the successful event was the hard and well directed work done by him, his Divan and committees.

Noble Scribner also has the distinction these days of being a second term, having first been elected for the 1927 term. An Inspector General honorary (33°) of the Scottish Rite, Noble Scribner devotes all his time to Kaaba Temple and the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.

He was born in Osakis, Minnesota, on January 7th, 1873. He belongs to Western Star Lodge No. 100, Clinton, Iowa; Davenport Chapter and St. Simon of Cyrene Commandery, K.T., Davenport; DeMolay Consistory, S.R., Clinton.



NOBLE L. J. SCHROEDER
Zembo Temple
Harrisburg, Penna.

This illustrious Potentate has a big flock on his hands, but Luther's 4500 subjects are behind him in whatever he does.

Potentate Schroeder was born in Columbia, Pennsylvania, on March 19th, 1863, and has lived there all his life. He graduated from high school in 1880 and from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy four



years later. For 42 years he was in the drug store business, retiring in 1926. For 14 years he was on the Columbia Board of Education, all but one year as president. For three years he was vice-president of the Pennsylvania State Merchants Association. During the World War he was prominent in Liberty Loan and Red Cross drives, a member of the state Committee on Public Safety, and Supervisor of Draft Registrations for Columbia.

He has been a member of Columbia Lodge No. 286 since 1892, was Master in 1897, and has been Secretary 29 years; also Secretary of Corinthian Chapter No. 224 of the Royal Arch for a like period and Past High Priest thereof; Eminent Commander of Cyrene Commandery No. 34, K.T., 1902-03, and Recorder since 1906; is 32° Scottish Rite in the Harrisburg Consistory.

In 1902 Noble Schroeder was created a Noble by Rajah Temple, in Reading. Two years later he withdrew to become a charter member of Zembo. He has served Zembo as First Ceremonial Master, Oriental Guide, Assistant Rabban and Chief Rabban, besides having been Imperial Council Representative since 1926.



NOBLE L. W. STRUM
Morocco Temple
Jacksonville, Fla.

According to The Floridan, newspaper of Marianna, Florida, Justice Strum "loves boiled peanuts and pretty girls." In another place it said that maybe he would be elected Governor in 1933, since "he is a man of brilliant mind and one of Florida's most popular citizens." In the meantime, he keeps very busy in his twin jobs of Justice of the Florida

Supreme Court and Potentate of Morocco Temple.

Louie Willard Strum is only 38 years old and already has held his high judicial position for three years. He also has served in the United States Navy, from apprentice seaman at the age of 16 to Lieutenant Commander at 27, in the World War. On the world cruise of the Fleet, 1907-09, he went along. Born in Valdosta, Georgia, he removed to Florida as a small boy.

After two hitches in the Navy he entered Stetson University, graduating as an LL.B. in 1912, immediately taking up practice in Jacksonville. Serving more than two years in the World War, he resumed practice, and was City Attorney from 1921 to 1924.

He belongs to Temple Lodge No. 23; Damascus Commandery No. 2, Knights Templar; Florida Consistory No. 2, Scottish Rite, all of Jacksonville. Pilgrims to the Imperial Council session in Miami this year will long remember the efficient and hearty greeting several thousand of them received at the hands of Morocco Temple, with Noble Strum taking the lead throughout.

WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE E. J. SCOONOVER
Murat Temple
Indianapolis, Ind.

Here is another Masonic builder. Ed, who is a Past Potentate of Murat, was on the building committee that put up the new Mosque in behalf of the Indianapolis Nobility, and is now chairman of the finance committee. Moreover, at the present time he is a member of the building committee under whose supervision the new Scottish Rite

Cathedral is being erected.

Noble Scoonover is a member of Octagon Lodge No. 511, of Octagon, Ind. Although prominent in the Scottish Rite and the Shrine of Indiana, he has found time as well for a notable career in the Knights Templar branch. He has held the different offices in Keystone Chapter No. 6 of the Royal Arch, and Indianapolis Council of Royal and Select Masters. He was Commander of Raper Commandery in 1912, Captain General of it for ten years, Captain of the Drill Corps for nine years; served several years as a state officer, and was Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery, K.T., of Indiana in the year 1924-25. This year he was secretary-treasurer, triennial convention of the Indiana Commandery.

In the Scottish Rite he has been Thrice Potent Master of the Adoniram Lodge of Perfection, Indianapolis, and in 1920 was made a 33° honorary. For eight years he has been one of Murat's Imperial Council Representatives. Active also in the Order of DeMolay, Noble Scoonover is an Emeritus Member of the Grand Council of DeMolay.



NOBLE J. L. MULLALLY
Al Sibah Temple
Macon, Georgia

Jefferson Lane Mullally, Potentate of Al Sibah, was born in Sparta, Hancock County, Georgia, so long ago that he has forgotten the date—but his gray hair tells the tale. The Nobles in Macon often wondered why "Mull" ever left the old red hills of Hancock County, because, when he went back there a little while ago he got such a rousing welcome from all and sundry that he couldn't possibly have left in the first place just because he wanted to.

One time in Macon he told a visiting Imperial Potentate that he liked him pretty good. The Imperial Potentate asked him why, and he replied:

"Well, you are the only Imperial Potentate that I have ever seen trimmed up to my likings; you are as homely as I."

Potentate Mullally belongs to Macon Lodge No. 5; Constantine Chapter No. 4, Royal Arch; Washington Council No. 5, Royal and Select Masters; St. Omer Commandery No. 2, K. T., Macon Consistory (32°) Scottish Rite.

NOBLE J. A. LEJEUNE
Almas Temple
Washington, D. C.



Jack Lejeune—John Archer Lejeune—(pronounced Lejerne) is Major General Commandant of the United States Marine Corps. He commanded the "Devil Dogs" in France in the World War, and also the famous Second Division, United States Army, one brigade of which consisted of Marines. This division shares premier A. E. F. honors with the history making First Division, and all members of both from now until kingdom come will wear the fourragere of the Croix de Guerre, as an official French tribute to their fighting personnel in the World War.

The writer of this sketch hung around the fringes of the Second Division when it sailed home from the wars, and is prepared to testify on the Koran that when Noble Lejeune appeared on deck for the boxing matches his soldiers cheered him. When a General appears all hands have to salaam, but when they cheer they do it voluntarily, and in the annals of military men mighty few Generals get free cheers from bucks.

Noble Lejeune was Raised in that historic outcropping of the World War—Overseas Lodge No. 1, organized in Coblenz, Germany, under the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island. It is now Overseas Lodge No. 40, in Providence. He is a 32° member of Albert Pike Consistory, Scottish Rite, in Washington. At all times his aura bespeaks a genial Sioux-like demeanor.

The General was born in Louisiana nearly 62 years ago. At the age of 14 he entered the state university, remaining there three years, and then gaining admittance to the United States Naval Academy. At the age of 22, as a naval cadet, he went through the great hurricane which swept Samoa, wrecking his ship the U. S. S. Vandalia, and many others in Apia harbor. He has seen service in Cuba, Philippines, Panama, Mexico (commanding the Marines brigade at the capture of Vera Cruz, 1914).

NOBLE JOHN H. WILES
Ararat Temple
Kansas City, Mo.



Away back in 1892 the members of Ararat chose Noble John H. Wiles to be their second Illustrious Potentate, and he is now Senior Past Potentate of the Temple, which has grown from less than 100 to nearly 10,000 members. But today, after 36 years, he continues to be very active personally and through sound business counsel in the affairs of the Kansas City Nobility. In Ararat financing he truly has been "a pillar of the Temple" more than once, and a problem of several hundred thousand simply becomes non est after he has straightened it out.

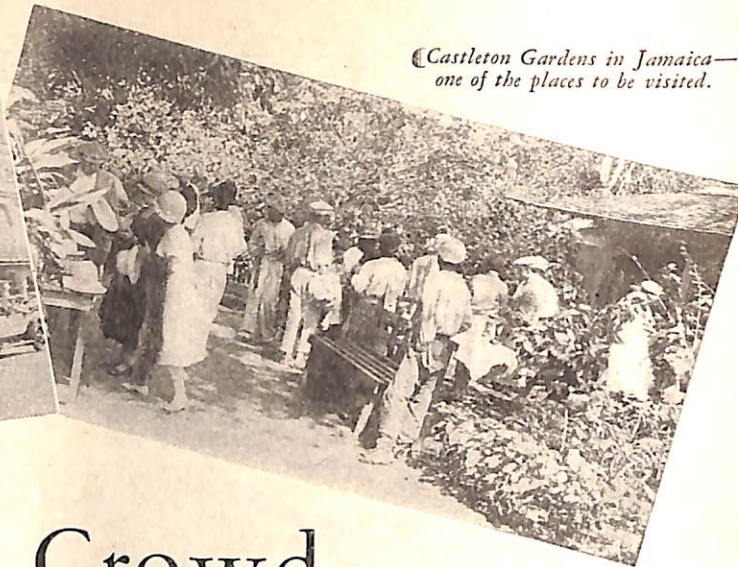
Noble Wiles was born in Fleming County, Kentucky, on April 28th, 1861. At an early age he migrated to Indianapolis, but moving in 1885 to Kansas City as his permanent residence and place of business. He formed the Mount Cracker and Candy Co. He was president of it until 1902, when he helped to organize the Loose-Wiles Cracker & Candy Co., now nationally famous as the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., with plants in many cities. He is president of the Kansas City company and vice-president and treasurer of the one in New York.

Active in Masonry since young manhood, Noble Wiles is Past Master of Kansas City Lodge No. 220; Past High Priest, Kansas City Chapter No. 28; Past Commander, Kansas City Commandery No. 10; and a 32° Scottish Rite Mason.

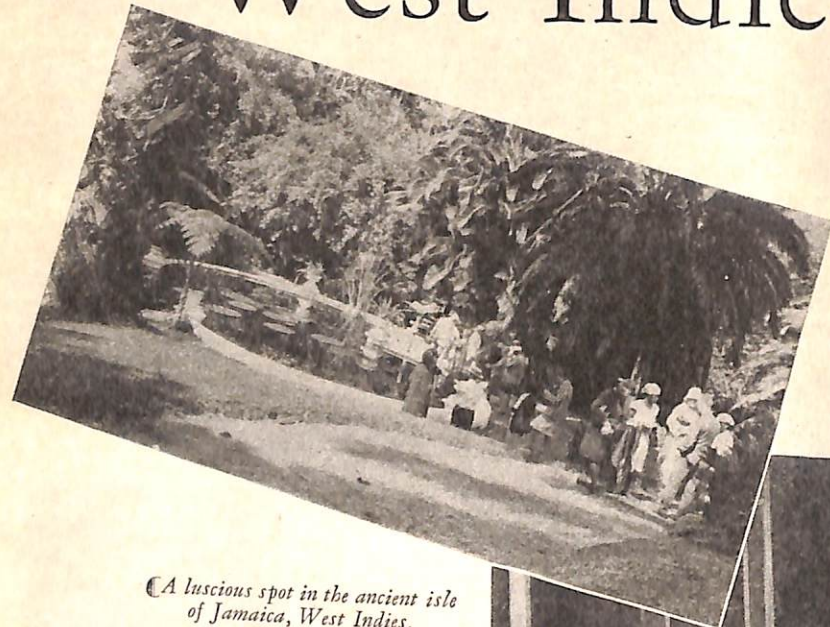
☞The White House in Havana,
home of the President of Cuba.



☞Castleton Gardens in Jamaica—
one of the places to be visited.



A Fine Crowd Is Signing Up for the West Indies Cruise



☞A luscious spot in the ancient isle
of Jamaica, West Indies.



☞Deck sports are an ab-
sorbing pastime for the
members of the cruise.
This photograph was
taken on last year's
West Indies cruise.



☞A merry group of natives waiting to
welcome Shriners to Colon, Panama.

It looks as if the West Indies Cruise this year were going to be even more of a success than last year's fine cruise. If memberships continue to come in as they have during the past month the S. S. Calgaric will be full long before January 23d.

And what a great time is planned! The S. S. Calgaric, formerly the "Orca" of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., which will be the "floating club" this year, is another White Star Liner. She has been specially chartered for the cruise by James Boring's Travel Service, Inc.—the same company which managed the cruise last year.

A whole shipload of friendly folks and a shipful of good

times waiting! There'll be deck tennis, golf, races, shuffleboard and quoits; bridge parties and costume balls; and dancing on deck in the moonlight.

And on shore—automobiles ready to take everyone through strange fascinating cities . . . Shriners in different ports waiting to give greeting and to hold special functions in honor of the travelers.

The cruise will be for 19 days and the ports visited will include Havana and Santiago, Cuba; Port Antonio and Kingston, Jamaica; Haiti and Nassau. It will be a wonderful cruise! Why not make your reservation now and come along with us?

ACTIVITIES of the Temples, Units and Clubs

☞AAD, DULUTH, MINNESOTA

The hospital film "An Equal Chance" was shown under Aad's auspices on October 10th, the occasion being a card party of the Temple Band's. It was so impressive that many Nobles in Duluth who never had seen the Twin Cities Hospital planned to go down there in the near future.

☞AAHMES, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

A unique Mandarin ball was given on October 3rd in the ivory ballroom of the Hotel Oakland, the ladies wearing the traditional Mandarin coats or other Chinese costumes. Music was by "Hop Suey Sing's Orchestra." Potentate Decoto reports that it was "some snappy entertainment."

Uncle Tom's Cabin (with variations)—and how—startled those who attended the performance at the stated meeting of October 17th.

On the 27th there was a Ceremonial in Santa Rosa, which drew the boys there in such large numbers that a special train had to be chartered.

Aahmes is planning to spend \$12,000 in sending the Band and Patrol to Los Angeles.

☞ABDALLAH, LEAVENWORTH, KAN.

The Faithful trekked to Olathe on October 26th for the first Ceremonial in that municipality in seven or eight years. Recorder Haw worked up the campaign for candidates on the ground for the best part of three weeks ahead of the big date. He began operations with a get-together meeting in the Masonic Temple that brought 100 workers to the scene and insured a good sized class of new fez wearers.

☞ABOU BEN ADHEM, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

A smoker on October 3rd laid the foundation for the Nobility's activities throughout Masonic Week in Springfield, the first since 1922. The week opened with Blue Lodge initiations in the Mosque, where other bodies also held services on subsequent nights. The culmination came on the 26th, when the Temple conducted 40 Novices across the hot sands.

☞ACCA, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

In the second week of October a recruiting band did three days of missionary work by

going on a motorcade to Charlottesville, Waynesboro, Staunton, Clifton Forge, Covington, Warm Springs and Harrisonburg. Shriners met the party in each city and made pleasant the brief stay of the members.

The new Mosque was turned over to the ladies on October 25th.

On the Hallowe'en night the Patrol gave a costume ball.

☞AKDAR, TULSA, OKLA.

To signalize the resumption of activities throughout the several departments of the Temple, Akdar's Drum Corps, Band, Patrol, Greeters and Chanters took a prominent part in Shrine Week festivities of October 8-13. The festivities took place in Crystal City, an amusement park, closing with a big picnic Saturday night.

☞AL AZHAR, CALGARY, ALBERTA

On October 14th the Temple was 21 years old, and celebrated in fitting fashion the next night. It was a "coming of age" party that long will be remembered.

Potentate Curlette and the Divan have proposed to the Patrol that if a bumper class of Truth Seekers are rounded up for the January Ceremonial the Temple will finance a trip to Los Angeles Imperial Council sessions in June for the Patrol. The challenge was enthusiastically accepted by the foot maneuver scientists.

☞AL BAHR, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

The Bahr boys are all set to launch the Winter program, and contemplate their Summer and Autumn activities with just pride, particularly in regard to the success of their clubhouse at Vallecitos View, 6000 feet up the Laguna Mountains. They have fifteen acres and are renting building lots to members, 100 x 200 feet, for only \$15 a year. Already a club-house, dining hall and kitchen for 200 persons, rest rooms, shower baths, six cottages and a power house are in operation. The Sunrise Ceremonial there last July was such a success that it will probably be an annual event.

☞F. D. Thomas is
Past Potentate of
Hella Temple,
Dallas, and Rep-
resentative to the
Imperial Council.



☞(Left) They're pic-
nicking! Nobles Row-
lett, Harris, Arnold
and Reid at Egypt
Temple's picnic held
recently at Egypt Lake,
Florida.

☞ALEPPO, BOSTON, MASS.

Director Harlow's famous Drum Corps, the largest in the world, gave Aleppo's first public broadcast of the season on October 8th, sending forth from station WBZ. Radio fans through the East who always have listened in for the music of this organization of 245 pieces hailed the program with delight.

☞ALIGHAN, CUMBERLAND, MD.

The Temple Band resumed regular practice the first week in October, and with the Drum Corps participated prominently in the parade of the K. T. on November 2nd.

A Ceremonial, the first of the new season, is being planned for December by Potentate Shoemaker.

More than 100 members of the uniformed bodies recently went to Hancock upon the invitation of "Doc" Tabler and other prominent Nobles of that place.

☞AL KADER, PORTLAND, ORE.

The first of the Temple's Autumn dancing and card parties was given on October 1st, in the Masonic Temple. Fred Short's 11-piece orchestra played.

On October 5th the members and officers, with their ladies, attended en masse Afifi Temple's production of "Pandora in Lilac Time," which had a very successful run in September in Tacoma, Olympia and Aberdeen. In the ballet alone were 150 of Portland's most beautiful damozels. The affair was under the auspices of Nydia Temple, Daughters of the Nile, for the fund proposed to erect a convalescent children's hospital in Portland.

☞AL KALY, PUEBLO, COLO.

On the night of October 6th 350 Shriners and friends made merry in the Congress Hotel at the Shrine cabaret, following the final performance of the second annual Shrine review. The program was broadcast by KGHF. Colored singers were brought all the way from Pineywood, Mississippi. One-fourth of the net proceeds will be spent for the benefit of Pueblo's crippled children.

☞AL MALAIKAH, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

On Oct. 15th, Al Malaikah entertained the Imperial Potentate and a very distinguished assemblage of Shriners, at a Ceremonial and celebration of the Temple's 40th birthday. It was one of the most colorful affairs ever staged by the Temple. Noble "Stan" Bruner, Director of Ceremony, introduced some new ordeals which mystified the initiated almost as it did the harassed sons of the desert. Every Temple in California was represented in the audience.

Judge William C. Doran presented Frank Sebastian's Revue at the Shrine luncheon of October 11th in the Biltmore Hotel. Max Fisher's "Good News" orchestra and Ben Laietsky's orchestra supplied the music.

☞AL SIHAH, MACON, GA.

It has been decided to proceed at once with the plans for the erection of the new Mosque on the Temple's property in Poplar Street, to cost \$75,000. Work will begin as soon as a decision on the bids is made. It will provide Temple offices, social lounges and the drill hall. Ceremonials will be

[Shrine News Continued on page 38]

SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 37)

held elsewhere, as at present. Al Sihah has been meeting in the Scottish Rite Temple since its Mosque burned down a year ago.

ANTIOCH, DAYTON, OHIO

A formal ball at the Greystone on October 22nd opened the Antioch social season, attended by the prominent persons and socially elite of Dayton. Simultaneously, there was a bridge and five hundred party at the Antioch Shrine Club for those who did not want to dance.

The uniformed bodies were sent in a special train to Cleveland on October 26th, to be the guests of Al Koran Temple. They were royally entertained.

ARABIA, HOUSTON, TEXAS

This, the Imperial Potentate's home Temple, held a monster entertainment on October 19th, followed the next night by one of the biggest and most successful Ceremonials ever held in Houston. It was the result of an intensive campaign initiated by Potentate W. L. Childs. Recorder G. E. Kepple and other officers. The drive was carried in Houston and 114 adjoining towns by teams of 781 Nobles, led by Noble Pat L. Davis, assisted by Nobles Clarence R. Yanch, High Priest and Prophet, Harry H. Ford, Oriental Guide, and J. A. Rossiter, Harry C. Webb, R. L. Lohse, A. C. Fulton and Cecil Sisson.

Dr. L. V. Spivak is organizing a chess tournament.

BAGDAD, BUTTE, MONT.

Potentate Dart lives in Dillon, and in his honor about 300 members and the uniformed bodies will go there for a celebration in the near future, carrying out the postponed October plan. The Temple officers have about decided to hold a big pilgrimage at least once a year in the home town of the Potentate whenever it is not Butte.

BEN ALI, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

The first Autumn Ceremonial was held out of town, in Auburn, and there was a large attendance from Stockton and other neighboring points. The Stockton Patrol left in force and took a prominent part in the proceedings under the leadership of its captain, Noble P. E. Grady. The public was let in on the band concert and drills. A mammoth buck stew fortified the Novices and their keepers for the giving of the Moslem Test.

The first social event was the ball in Sacramento on October 27th, prepared by the entertainment committee under Noble Carl Miller. Visitors came from many parts of the northern section of the State.

BENI-KEDEM, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Potentate John C. Dice is urging the membership to raise \$200,000 or thereabouts to erect and equip a free hospital for crippled children with a capacity of fifty beds. The plan is to have the Hospital Board take over and maintain it upon completion, and the Potentate writes that "Already we have approached the Trustees with this suggestion. They have shown interest in the proposition."

CAIRO, RUTLAND, VT.

Fully 700 Shriners, said to constitute the largest Shrine assemblage in the history of Vermont, attended the first Autumn Ceremonial in the Mosque, where Potentate Norman G. Knapp and his crew initiated

thirty candidates. There was a sumptuous clam bake, followed by vaudeville. Visiting Nobles were present from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York.

CYPRUS, ALBANY, N. Y.

The first Autumn Ceremonial was held in Amsterdam on October 20th. A street parade, games and sports and a picnic in Mid-City Park were other features.

DAMASCUS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Members came to town in large numbers on the night of October 3rd from Auburn, Batavia, Brockport, Geneva, Hornell, and Webster to enjoy an entertainment arranged by Acting Potentate Wiley H. Wilson.

EGYPT, TAMPA, FLA.

More than 2,000 Tampa and visiting Shriners and their families turned out for the annual Temple picnic at Egypt Lake, which is 90 acres in area and has a 300-acre picnic ground adjacent.

An all-day entertainment included music by the Temple Band, boat riding, swimming and diving contests, potato, polo and races for cash prizes of \$175.

The committee in charge included Potentate W. M. Rowlett, Ernest Harris, major of uniformed post; B. Marion Reed, president of the Band; N. H. Glogowski, president of the Drum Corps; Homer Hesterly, Chief Rabban; R. H. Pemberton, head of the degree team; Harvey Roof, president of the saxophone unit; Dr. G. A. Brummet, captain of the Patrol; J. C. Huskisson, president of the Chanters.

ELF KHURAFEH, SAGINAW, MICH.

On October 3rd the Temple began its Autumn social season of stag bridge parties for Nobles and their friends at the Shrine Club. These are now weekly affairs, with a monthly one for ladies.

EL JEBEL, DENVER, COLO.

Motion pictures of the pilgrimage to Fort Morgan and the corner-stone laying of the new club house in Denver were shown at the stated meeting of October 8th, followed by dancing.

Subsequent social activities were dropped because of the death in an airplane accident of the two daughters of Potentate George D. Begole, who has the sympathy of the entire Colorado Nobility.

EL KALAH, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Plans for the season were discussed at the regular meeting on October 17th, including



Noble Hollingbery, Coach, All-Star Western team 1925-28.



Noble Kerr, Coach, All-Star Eastern team 1927-28.

F. W. Brunkhorst is Captain of Tripoli Band and President Shrine Musical Directors' Assoc.



the Potentate's suggestion for a Ceremonial or two before Christmas. On the 20th the regular monthly dance was held at the Masonic Temple.

EL KATIF, SPOKANE, WASH.

A varied vaudeville program for two nights early in October earned considerable cash for the benefit of Patrol plans, which include the hope of being sent to the Imperial Council sessions in Los Angeles, California, next June.

EL KORAH, BOISE, IDAHO

Four hundred El Korah members went to Idaho Falls in a special train to attend the Ceremonial of October 22nd, headed by the Divan and Patrol. A dance followed the ceremonial.

EL MAIDA, EL PASO, TEXAS

Potentate Scott C. White pulled off a successful Ceremonial on October 26th. The festivities took the entire day, beginning with the 10:00 A. M. business session and ending with the third section of the proceedings close to midnight, following the traditional banquet and a big street parade.

EL ZARIBAH, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Potentate Cliff Carpenter and a merrie crew fed the Nobility of Arizona the world's biggest chicken pie on the night of October 3rd. The Nobles came from Miami, Globe and other points to wallow in a confection invented and assembled by Jimmie Bacon, El Zaribah's chef. It measured nine feet in diameter, eighteen inches thick, and weighed more than a ton. It was the sum total of 250 hens, one acre of carrots and potatoes, one acre of celery and onions, and dumplings one mile long. The monster was subdued and utterly annihilated under Marquis of Queensbury rules, with one foot on the floor. Collaborators with the Pote in making the arrangements were Nobles A. J. McIntyre, Milton P. Smith, Albert L. Addington, R. P. Johnson, E. W. Bacon, W. D. O'Neil.

HADI, EVANSVILLE, IND.

The Temple is thinking of assessing each member \$15 in order to wipe out its debt without further ado and thus get the use of the money now being paid out as interest. Each of the 2,000 members would simply pay \$15 a year for five years instead of the regulation \$12. The motion has been carried once, now needing only a second favorable vote and Imperial sanction.

The Band, Patrol, Drum and Bugle Corps had a good time on October 12th, with Austin "Christopher" Barnard serving most successfully as entertainment and gastronomical cicerone.

[Shrine News Continued on page 42]

Enjoy the Snug Warmth of a Rich All Wool Blanket for Only

\$6.⁹⁸

FOR the first time in our career we are able to offer you a 66" x 80" ALL WOOL, sateen-bound blanket for the unheard of price of \$6.98. And what pleases us most is our ability to make this sensational offer just as the cold weather has set in, when a warm blanket will add so much to your comfort at night.

This Is How We Can Do It

On the banks of a turbulent river in the heart of old New England there is located a 100-year-old blanket mill noted throughout the World for the quality of its products. Since early Spring the spinning looms have been turning out thousands upon thousands of blankets for the trade, but when all orders had been shipped early this Fall it was discovered that several hundred blankets were left over.

Of course, these extra blankets could have been kept until next year, but this particular mill is famous for the freshness and fluffiness of its products and it is against a long established policy to carry stock over from one season to another.

Every Blanket Guaranteed

Choose from these six solid colors:

TAN	BLUE
GREEN	GOLD
ORCHID	ROSE



Our Cash Offer Is Your Gain

As soon as we heard of the situation we made a spot cash offer for the entire lot. Our price was accepted promptly with the result that you can secure one or more of these splendid blankets for \$6.98 each. And get every cent of your money back if you are not satisfied.

Please bear in mind, these blankets are ALL WOOL—pure wool of high quality. They are so firmly woven that you'll be snug and warm even on the coldest nights. Yet they are not heavy; you do not feel their weight because they are so fleecy, light and fluffy. Each blanket is bound in sateen of rich quality, and there are six fascinating solid colors to choose from; Tan, Orchid, Jade Green, Gold, Rose or Blue. Remember, these are SOLID COLORS in accord with the current mode.

You Take No Risk

We definitely promise to give you an ALL WOOL blanket of superior quality for only \$6.98 and if you do not agree that it is the best value ever offered you, we will return every cent of your money without any question whatever. There is only one thing we cannot tell you about these blankets—that is, their trade-name. The contract which permits us to sell these blankets at such a ridiculous price forbids the use of their nationally-known trade-mark.

This Opportunity May Never Occur Again

In its 100-year history this mill has never before over-estimated production. It is quite likely it will not happen again. For this reason we earnestly suggest your ordering a full supply now. An ALL WOOL blanket for only \$6.98 is a bargain you simply cannot afford to miss.

Sign and Mail the Coupon Now—TODAY!

The attached coupon brings the blankets to you. Simply indicate the number you want and mail the coupon today. But—DO IT NOW! All in all we have less than one thousand of these blankets so quick action is necessary. Sign and mail the coupon NOW!

THE PLYMOUTH DISTRIBUTING CO.
Suite 1106
171 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Send No Money
Just sign and mail the coupon. You can pay the postman when he delivers the blankets.

Plymouth Distributing Company,
Suite 1106, 171 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me.....of the blankets advertised in the following colors.....
I will pay the postman \$6.98 each on delivery.

Name

Address

City and State.....

HAIL...AND

**“This is the last issue of the
present Shrine Magazine.”**

Harry Jones
Editor, *The Crescent*

The Shrine Magazine has been discontinued. This doesn't mean, however, that Shriners will be without a publication to give them the news of the individuals and various Temples throughout Shrinedom. The Crescent, a publication of Shriners, by Shriners, and for Shriners which, for 17 years previous to the establishment of the Shrine Magazine, was the only publication devoted solely to Shrinedom and its doings, has been re-established, and the first issue was off the press in October, 1928. It contains good fiction by well known authors, but it is primarily a Shrine publication. It tells what Shrine Clubs, Bands, Patrols, and other uniformed units are doing for entertainment and to raise funds. It discusses various issues, local and national, in which Shriners are interested. It gives a Shriner in Bangor interesting information about his fellow members in El Paso; and the men who know Shrinedom and its needs have pronounced The Crescent as one of the greatest single influences extant for a united Shrinedom. The subscription rate is \$1.50 per year, and those who sub-

The Crescent, Inc.
647 York St.
ST. PAUL, MINN.

scribe now will receive it until January 1st, 1930, and will receive the back issues since October, giving them 15 months for the price of one year's subscription. Practically every man, prominent in the Shrine today, is a subscriber already, and we have hundreds of letters from such men setting forth comments such as, "The kind of magazine that the Shrine needs;" "A real Shrine publication;" "A publication that every Shriner should receive." If you have not sent in your subscription, do so now. Prompt action will be rewarded by a special gift—a pack of Shrine playing cards. State whether you wish the Fez or the Sphinx design.

AGENTS WANTED
Shrine

AGENTS WANTED

We want agents in every Shrine jurisdiction to secure subscriptions for The Crescent. Nobody but Shriners need apply, as The Crescent is strictly a Shrine publication, owned by Shriners, and edited by Shriners for Shriners.

SHRINE CLUBS

SHRINE CLUBS

We offer special rates on subscriptions for your entire membership. Women's Auxiliaries, Uniformed Units—

We offer you an opportunity through securing subscriptions for The Crescent to raise money for your pet charity, new uniforms, or any other project that you may be promoting.

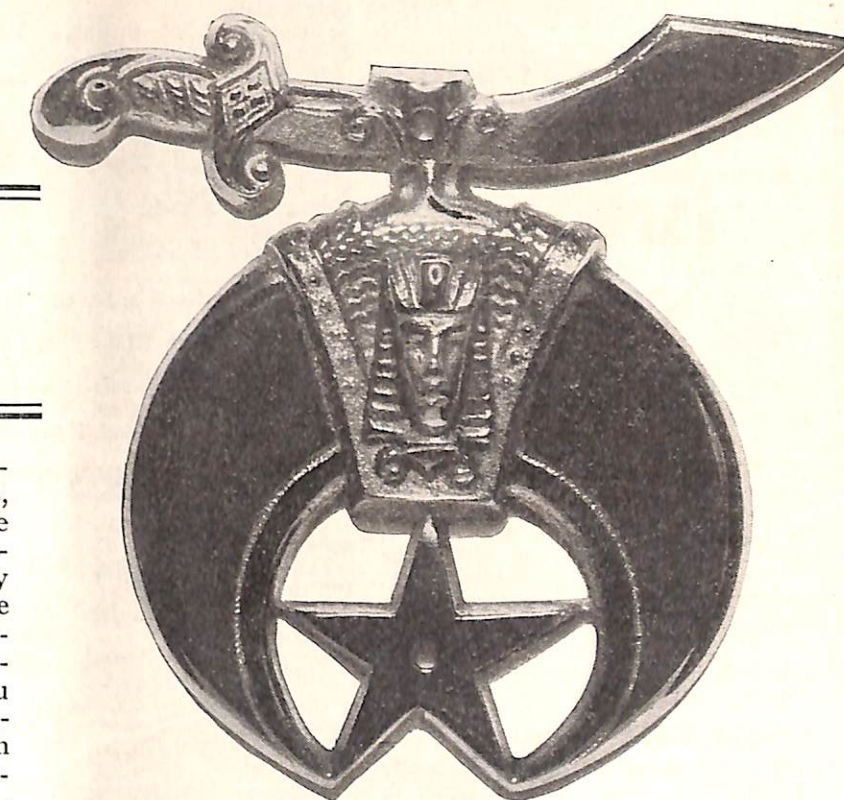
FAREWELL!

There is no room here to display or describe all of the wonderful gifts that may be secured at remarkably low prices in connection with a subscription to The Crescent. Write us and we will be glad

POPULAR RADIATOR EMBLEM

The Hunt Brass Works, Chicago, has been making these emblems for years, and thousands of cars bear them. Makes a very acceptable Christmas gift. In combination with The Crescent for 15 months, one of them may be secured for \$2.00

to send you a folder illustrating the fine assortment of rugs, card cases, lamps, knives, and wall and desk ornaments that can be secured. Every item listed is standard merchandise of high quality, and the only reason that we can make the offers that we do is because of the fact that we buy in sufficiently large quantities to secure a wholesale price which we pass on to you. You will find many a worthwhile Christmas suggestion in this list, and don't forget that in addition to the merchandise items, you receive, for 15 months, The Crescent Magazine. A magazine chuck full of interesting news items and information for Shriners. This news comes to you while it is really news, and a reader of The Crescent will be constantly posted



in regard to the day to day activities of Shriners throughout North America.

SPECIAL OFFER

For those not interested in the articles displayed in this advertisement, The Crescent has had two special design Shrine playing cards made up. On the



VERY DESIRABLE

This silver finished antimony box may be used either as a cigarette box or jewel case. An excellent holiday offering. A creditable ornament to any room. Direct importation from the Orient. With The Crescent for 15 months \$2.00.

back of one, a Sphinx; and the other the emblems of the order. High grade, beautifully printed cards in 4 colors. With a subscription at \$1.50, either deck, as chosen; for \$3.00, a two years' subscription and both decks.

THE CRESCENT, 647 York Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Enclosed find \$.....for which please send me The Crescent for $\begin{cases} 1 \text{ yr.} \\ 2 \text{ yrs.} \end{cases}$ I would prefer the $\begin{cases} \text{Sphinx} \\ \text{Fcz} \end{cases}$ playing cards.

Name

Street No..... City.....

State Temple.....



WITHIN THE SHRINE



(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 38])

(HELLA, DALLAS, TEXAS)

More than 100 Dallas members, accompanied by ladies, gave eclat to Shrine Day of the Red River Valley Fair, in Sherman, on October 2nd. This contingent, including Band, Patrol, Drum and Bugle Corps, and individual entertainers, was met at the station and escorted to the fair grounds. There several thousand persons applauded the music and the performance of the Patrol.

Hella also participated prominently in the State Fair, held this year in Dallas, giving the general public band concerts, vocal concerts and military drill. A banquet and a dance for Hella families were contributing features to the festivities of October 20th.

(INDIA,

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Taking advantage of the Scottish Rite reunion in Shawnee throughout the second week of October, India's Divan went there with scores of Nobles in uniform and put on a successful Ceremonial.

This Ceremonial and the one held in Oklahoma City on the 12th netted the Temple 99 new members. Potentate H. F. Rambo and the Divan of Akdar Temple, of Tulsa, and Chief Rabban Walter Caldwell and Divan of Maskat Temple, Wichita Falls, Texas, attended the Shawnee Ceremonial.

(IREM, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

The Temple canvassers are making steady progress in their campaign for \$650,000 to renovate the Mosque and wipe out the Temple and Country Club debts of \$390,000. Noble F. J. Weckesser, director general of the drive, has personally contributed \$50,000. Other substantial gifts are expected. The 350 workers throughout the Temple's area include a speakers' committee led by Noble Evan C. Jones. One of the campaign leaders is Noble Arthur H. James, Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania. The newly formed Ladies Auxiliary is also helping.

(JERUSALEM, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

On October 24th the Temple Band, under the direction of Noble H. S. McAfee, gave another of its splendid broadcasting programs. Letters of congratulations from many States insist upon more than one concert a month, the present arrangement.

The next night the Mounted Patrol enjoyed its regular monthly banquet, being entertained by professional vaudeville talent and accomplished orators.

On the 29th the Arab Patrol put on one of its delightful al fresco affairs, meeting on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain. These evenings have become very popular with the members and will be continued.

(KERAK, RENO, NEV.

The invitation of Ben Ali to participate in the proceedings in Auburn, California, was accepted, and a large delegation went there with Potentate W. H. Goodwin, on October 8th. Plans for the new season are being perfected by the various committees.

(MOHAMMED, PEORIA, ILL.

The Divan and Band led a large group of trippers to Davenport, Iowa, to observe Kaaba Temple's fiftieth anniversary. Mohammed has given Peoria a Little Theatre. It is a chic bandbox affair, just right for intimate social events. A dinner dance which drew 600 Nobles and their ladies, the first of the season, opened the theatre on October 4th.

(COMING EVENTS

December 1st—Moolah, St. Louis, Mo., Ceremonial.

December 3rd—Zuhrah, Minneapolis, Minn., Ceremonial.

December 7th—Zorah, Terre Haute, Ind., Ceremonial.

December 8th—Alzafar, San Antonio, Tex., charity minstrel.

December 8th—Pyramid, Bridgeport, Conn., Ceremonial.

December 8th—El Jebel, Denver, Colo., charity ball.

December 8th—Morocco, Jacksonville, Fla., Ceremonial.

December 8th—Nile, Seattle, Wash., Ceremonial.

December 12th-13th—Syria, Pittsburgh, Pa., double Ceremonial.

December 13th-14th-15th—Pyramid, Bridgeport, Conn., fashion show.

December 15th—Ararat, Kansas City, Mo., athletic show.

December 19th—El Kalah, Salt Lake City, Utah, Shrine ball.

December 20th—Ararat, Kansas City, Mo., vaudeville show.

December 22nd—Nile, Seattle, Wash., Christmas tree party.

December 25th—El Jebel, Denver, Colo., Christmas caravan.

December 28th—Antioch, Dayton, Ohio, Christmas-new year party.

December 29th—Islam, San Francisco, East-West football game.

December 29th—Islam, San Francisco, Ceremonial.

December 31st—Aahmes, Oakland, Calif., new year party.

December 31st—Alzafar, San Antonio, Tex., new year party.

December 31st—Syria, Pittsburgh, Pa., new year party.

(MOOLAH, St. Louis, Mo.

An informal dance, a buffet supper just before midnight and an entertainment called "A Night in Spain" made the evening of October 19th go like lightning to Moolah men and their ladies who attended. Everything is set for the big Ceremonial of December 1st, the last of the year.



(Noble E. W. Jacobs, of Aleppo Temple, Boston, is Assistant to Imperial Recorder.



(Noble Charles H. Heaton, Senior Recorder of Shrinedom, Mount Sinai Temple, Montpelier, Vt., since 1876.

(MOROCCO, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Morocco cashed in on the political fever by holding a presidential straw vote in October, the proceeds to be added to the fund to send the uniformed bodies to Los Angeles in June. The voting fee was ten cents, with no objections to repeaters, no matter how flagrant. The poll was one of the features of the Temple's Food and Household Show, put on successfully by a hard working committee directed by Noble E. J. Burke.

(MOUNT SINAI, MONTPELIER, VT.

Seven hundred Nobles assembled for the Ceremonial of October 5th. The candidates participated with Potentate Edmund P. Hamilton and his Divan and uniformed bodies in a street parade. There was a reception for distinguished guests, and the Potentate was luncheon host to them and the Divan. The traditional banquet was served. There also were vaudeville features, and an Arab Patrol performance to which ladies were admitted.

The Imperial Potentate did not make his scheduled appearance, and the solid silver console with candlesticks which the Temple had purchased for him was received in his behalf by Potentate Ralph W. Rennie of Oriental Temple, Troy, New York, the presentation being made by Past Potentate Seales.

Delegates were present from Cairo Temple of Rutland, Bektash Temple of Concord, Aleppo of Boston, Melha of Springfield and Karnak of Montreal. Governor John E. Weeks of Vermont assisted in the social activities.

(MURAT, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Caravan Club of Murat has started a campaign to land the 1930 meeting of the Imperial Council for Indianapolis. Noble L. Ert Slack, Mayor of Indianapolis, is one of the Club's leaders in the crusade. Potentate W. H. Bockstahler and other officials are backing the proposal, which has already been endorsed by the Indianapolis Convention Bureau, with other bodies soon to fall in line. The Indianapolis Star says editorially:

"The prospect of entertaining the Shriners of the continent stimulates public interest to a degree beyond that of any other convention for which the Hoosier capital could play host. The project becomes quasi-public in the effect on the community as a whole."

(NILE, SEATTLE, WASH.

On October 10th the Bremerton Shrine Club members came down from that famous navy yard city and were entertained by their Seattle brethren with song and story. Potentate Wm. A. Eastman's formal Autumn ball came off in the Shrine auditorium on the 25th. It was the Seattle auditorium success of the month and stimulated the Nobles for a heavy December program, including the first Winter Ceremonial, scheduled for December 8th.

(ORIENTAL, TROY, N. Y.

Germania Hall, Troy, was the scene of a business session and a full form Ceremonial on October 18th.

(PYRAMID, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

On October 9th the Temple officially welcomed the Imperial Potentate and gave a dinner in his honor. On the 31st the Arab Patrol held the annual masquerade dance, and a most enjoyable affair it was. The first Winter Ceremonial will be on December 8th, and on December 13-14-15 there will be a fashion show and vaudeville programs [Shrine News Continued on page 46]

DECEMBER, 1928

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE [Continued from page 33]

That is my real reason for being a dyed-in-the-wool Shriner. That is why I love the organization more and more, every day I live. It has been my greatest aid in the gentle art of making friends. I thank Allah that I have been in its work for a long, long time. Scarcely a city in the United States or Canada in which I cannot call one Noble by his first name and walk into his place of business knowing he will be glad to see me.

This far flung acquaintance, however, dear as it is to me, is not the big satisfaction. The real big thrill comes from the fact that here in my home town, in my own Temple, where people know all my weaknesses and have every reason to dislike me because of my human frailties, a big bunch of Nobles are my friends!

But all this is wasted, unless I say one other thing. My Shrine button did not bring me these many friends. My Shrine membership did not make these men love me, or me them. All my button and my membership did was to prejudice them in my favor. I had to do the rest for myself.

All you have to do, Noble, to start a career of friend making in the Shrine, is to tie-in with the work of the organization. Mere button wearers and card carriers get little out of the Shrine because they put little into it.

But as an opportunity for life's most worthwhile occupation, it is "the berries!" No other organization ever had the stamp of good fellowship so plainly printed on its label, no other bottle ever had blown so unquestionably in its sides the hall-mark of friendship.

From my easy chair I look back and believe friendship the most worth-while thing in life; the Shrine the greatest opportunity for friend making.

HALF SWORDS [Continued from page 25]

night met with no response from either. She tried to smuggle down under the blankets redolent of tobacco, rum, hound dog. She wakened in the night, frightened but resolute. She could not endure to be set aside with patronizing orders. Had she been actually wicked? No, merely young! She wanted to explain this to Riddick—explain all of it. That her threats and her nonsense were part of a curiously inverted method of protesting her youth since her youth seemed the one barrier to the man she loved. She was sure that she loved Tony. She wanted him to know this, as well. If he became angry, at least he would have taken her seriously. Anything but his patronizing manner, his passing annoyance, his amusement.

She found her negligée in the dressing case—a swirl of green tulle. Since she continued to shiver in the spring night, she added the remnant of her raincoat. Then she tiptoed to where the men slept.

Tony roused easily. He followed her before the guide should waken and he be forced to explain the family tendency to sleep walk.

"I'm more foolish than you know," she began. "Not until I reached here did I realize what is the trouble—" her eyes looking for some sign of sympathy.

He yawned impolitely. "For heaven's sake, my child, wait until we're back in civilization before you try any more—"

"I love you," she cut in. "I don't want to be a woman of the world. I want to belong to you. I thought you'd be more attracted if I posed as a sophisticated, careless sort. Knowing how completely I've gummed up any possibility of ever belonging to you, I don't" [Continued on page 47]

Do Your Christmas Shopping in the Quiet and Comfort of Your Easy Chair

OVER 300,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS



in all parts of the world will do their Christmas shopping this year from

Jason Weiler & Sons' Beautifully Illustrated 53rd Annual Catalog

Write for a free copy of this America's Finest Catalog of Gifts.

Here are a Few Gift Suggestions. Delivery Prepaid to Any Address. Money Refunded Unless Entirely Satisfied.

37743M. Platinum front Button with perfectly cut blue-white Diamond of fine brilliancy... \$7.50	37744M. Platinum front Button with perfectly cut blue-white Diamond of fine brilliancy... \$25.00	37740M. Platinum front Button with five perfectly cut blue-white Diamonds... \$75.00	38722M. Platinum front Button, two perfectly cut Diamonds, synthetic Rubies or Sapphires in setting... \$15.00	37742M. Finely designed Platinum front Button... \$1.50	37741M. Attractive five Platinum front Buttons... 75 cts.
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BUY DIAMONDS DIRECT

From Jason Weiler & Sons, Boston, Mass.
America's Leading Diamond Importers
and Save 20 to 40%

35607M. Ladies' Brooch. Solid White Gold set with one perfectly cut Diamond... \$10.00	36964M. Newest Solid Gold Charm having Consistent emblem on one side and a beautiful designed Shrine emblem on the other. The Charm opens on a hinge showing the Blue Lodge and Scottish Rite emblems. Our price direct to you only... \$15.00	31087M. Diamond Mounted Solid Green Gold Ring—the Shrine emblem is of platinum raised on black enamel. Perfectly cut blue-white Diamond is securely set in platinum. Our price direct to you... \$50.00	1 Carat, \$145.00 This one carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and full cut. Mounted in newest style 14K solid gold setting. Order this diamond, if it can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$200.00 says its maker, and your money will be returned at once. Our price direct to you... \$145.00	Ladies' 18K Solid White Gold Mounted Ring 14K Solid White Gold 32nd Degree Ring of heavy weight, with raised hand carved Double Eagles on top and enameled emblems on sides, mounted with a perfectly cut blue-white Diamond of fine brilliancy... \$95.00
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A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:

1/4 carat	\$31.00	1 1/2 carats	\$217.00
1/2 carat	\$50.00	2 carats	\$290.00
3/4 carat	\$73.00	3 carats	\$435.00

Money refunded if these diamonds can be purchased elsewhere for less than one-third more.

Diamonds sent for inspection to your bank or Express Co.—before payment, if desired.

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172 Pages—beautifully illustrated—showing all the latest Shrine and Masonic Emblems—the newest styles in Jewelry—Watches—Silver—Pearls—Clocks. Gifts for Men, Women and Children. All delivery charges are prepaid to any address. Money refunded if not entirely satisfied. Also write for Free Diamond Catalog—tells all about Diamonds. Shows all latest Ring styles. This book on "How to Buy Diamonds" is an authority.

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COME on! *Hurry!* We're holding a stateroom for you. We want you with us. But we can't keep the room long. Rush the coupon for full information TODAY.

We have to make our plans NOW even though we won't sail for the West Indies and Panama until January 23rd. To make sure of comfort, membership has been strictly limited to 480, though the specially-chartered White Star Line Cruise Ship Calgaric could carry more than twice as many.

We'll have this great cruise ship all to ourselves. Really a mammoth private yacht just for Shriners and their families and friends. We'll have the Imperial Potentate and his wife and many prominent Shriners as companions. 19 glorious days exploring the colorful Pirate Seas. The cruise will be even better than last year's.

We'll be treated like a royal party. All travel arrangements will be made for us—as they were last year—by the experts of James Boring's Travel Service, Inc. Aboard, we'll have the cuisine and service which have made the White Star Line famous. Ashore we'll have sightseeing excursions and delicious food.

**\$275 up Covers All
Expenses Including
Liberal Shore Trips**

We get the cruise at wholesale prices by all going together. And we can pay all necessary expenses in one fee—as low as \$275—and be done with doling out money. Unlike the rates of most West Indies Cruises, this single fee covers the extensive sightseeing trips which we will take together.

We will stop at the most picturesque ports of the West Indies—places which are sure to fascinate and intrigue us. HAVANA with its stately buildings amid tropical settings and its gay cafes whirling to a tropical tempo; SANTIAGO where we will see interesting battle scars, rainbow-tinted rocks and oddly colored buildings; PORT ANTONIO with its haughty yachts and luxuriant tropical foliage; KINGSTON resting in the shadow of Blue Mountain Peak, with its numerous Pirate relics; PANAMA where we will inspect our own nation's crowning engineering feat and its gay cafes whirling of "blacks" working to the echo of tom-toms; NASSAU where we will stroll along beautiful coral beaches thronged with the world's smart set.



Here are the famous Gatun Locks, part of the Panama Canal, whose workings we will watch.

**Plan to Come!
Send for Booklet!**

You must begin your planning right away if you and your family and friends are to be among the 480 who will take this glorious cruise. *This is the last call.* So either speed the coupon back for a booklet giving full particulars, or see your local steamship agent. Whichever you do, do it now, TODAY.

pon back for a booklet giving full particulars, or see your local steamship agent. Whichever you do, do it now, TODAY.

*The Cruise
begins here!*



The first step is filling out and mailing the coupon for complete information.



Then you interest your wife letting her read the booklet.



Next you talk up a party of friends to go from your community.



West Indies

♦ ♦ ♦ *or* ♦ ♦ ♦
**Take a 68-Day Cruise
with Fellow-Shriners
to the Mediterranean**

A congenial group of Shriners with their families and friends are going on a luxurious 68-Day Cruise visiting every country on the Mediterranean. You are invited to join this party.

We will sail with James Boring's Fourth Annual Mediterranean Cruise leaving New York February 14th on the splendid Cruise Ship Calgaric, specially chartered for this voyage from the White Star Line. We will visit every country bordering on the Mediterranean—in all 23 ports in 15 different countries and 5 principal islands. We will tour all the usually-visited places and in addition many others of unique interest and charm.

**\$740 up Covers All
Expenses**

All travel details will be handled for us by James Boring's Travel Service, which has so successfully operated three previous cruises to the Mediterranean. One fee—\$740 and up—will include all necessary expenses.

If you can possibly get away for 68 days this winter, mail the coupon for a booklet giving full particulars.



**The
Imperial
Potentate
is coming
with us**

We will have the singular honor of having Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones and Mrs. Jones accompany us on our Cruise to the West Indies and Panama.



THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL
ANCIENT ARABIC ORDER
NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE
FOR NORTH AMERICA

October 15th, 1928.

Mr. Fred O. Wood,
Executive Director,
The Shrine Magazine,
1440 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Dear Fred:

I have made some changes in my itinerary which will enable me to be with you on the Shrine Magazine Cruise, sailing from New York on January 23rd.

As you no doubt realize, I look forward to the trip with a great deal of pleasure. Not only will it provide much needed rest and recreation, but it will make it possible for me to become better acquainted with a large number of Shriners, their families and friends.

It seems to me that breaking up the long arrangement, particularly when it is undertaken under the S. S. Calgaric is a large private yacht. I understand and the limited size of the party will mean comfort and convenience for all.

I might add that Mrs. Jones will accompany me and we are anticipating the day of sailing with much pleasure.

Yours in the True Faith,
Frank C. Jones
Imperial Potentate

RUSH COUPON FOR BOOKLET



Then you choose your stateroom and rush off your request for reservations.



On January 23rd you leave the chills of winter and sail for the balmy tropics.



JAMES BORING'S TRAVEL SERVICE, Inc., W-1312
730 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Without obligation to me, kindly send me illustrated booklet giving full information on the cruise or cruises checked below:

- ☐ 19-Day Cruise to the West Indies and Panama sailing from New York, January 23rd.
☐ 68-Day Cruise to the Mediterranean sailing from New York, February 14th.

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(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 42])
in an effort to reduce substantially the Temple's indebtedness.

(SALADIN, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.)
Early in October Potentate H. N. Cole reminded his flock that "the frivolous days are over. The winds from the North remind us that the days for action are come again and that the Fall pilgrimage to the Oasis of Saladin to renew our faith and again clasp the hands of fellow Nobles is at hand. Turn your eyes to the East, Nobles, where Saladin beckons, and prepare for the journey to the Home Oasis that you may be purged of your sins at the altar where your vows of allegiance were pledged."

Of course, after that exhortation there was nothing for it but a Ceremonial, which was staged with eclat on October 26th. Being also the last one of 1928, the Divan and wreckers did extra well, being rewarded by the attendance of members and officers of eight other Temples, and the neophytes found that Saladin lived up to its reputation for hospitality.

(SYRIA, PITTSBURGH, PA.)
That ever active Potentate Reginald A. Daniell waved his magic wand over the



W. R. Ellis is Past Potentate and Major of Uniformed Bodies of Hella Temple, Dallas.



Noble Edward F. O'Brien, who was coorganizer of the Shrine Club of Cuba.

Temple's first Fall festivity, held in the Mosque and adjoining streets on October 26th. It was the only costume event of the year, and was successfully arranged and directed by J. Leonard Cook, general chairman, ably assisted by Recorder James W. Barber. While the folks danced inside the Mosque to the strains of Syria's Shrine Orchestra open air dancing was enjoyed by several hundred couples in Lytton avenue, the Temple's big brass band officiating.

The third ring in this fraternal entertainment was the vaudeville and motion picture entertainment in the auditorium. Refreshments were served continuously, hallowe'en style, in the banquet hall.

On October 30th the wreckers and their shahs went to Uniontown, where a few dozen of their eligible Masons were taught how to hold on to the rope.

(TADMOR, AKRON, OHIO)

Tadmor is perhaps the first Temple to have perfected its Los Angeles pilgrimage plans

early in October. It will include a tour of 4,000 miles, visiting all important cities en route, going out one way and coming back another, spending altogether nineteen days on the wing. Arrangements will be made so that one full payment before the journey will pay for every item of expense and Tadmor will have its own special train both ways.

(TANGIER, OMAHA, NEB.)
The program at the business meeting of October 11th was broadcast from station WOW, and was an all-Tebala program, even the speakers being members. The ball and card party of the month occurred in the Scottish Rite Cathedral on the 27th.

(TEBALA, ROCKFORD, ILL.)
The leading place in the Chicago and Rockford parades in honor of Messrs. Bert Hassell and Parker Cramer, the Rockford-to-Greenland fliers, was given to Tebala marchers. In Chicago, Medinah Temple was in charge of the Chicago reception on October 17th, but invited Tebala to share in the functions, which included formal municipal greetings by Major Reed Landis, chairman of Chicago's aviation committee.

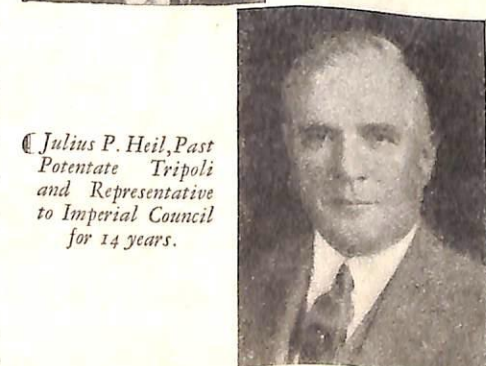
In Rockford, on the 18th, pandemonium broke loose when the fliers arrived in their home town, accompanied by Elmer Etes, Rockford airplane mechanic, who did a lot toward the sensational rescue of Bert and Parker after their Greenland crash. He shared in the plaudits of the thousands who lined the streets. Aerial bombs were exploded, planes circled back and forth over the parade, and factory whistles and thousands of automobile horns added to the joyful din.

(ZEMBO, HARRISBURG, PA.)
The new Mosque plans as finally approved called for the expenditure of \$650,000 and approval of the Imperial Council was sought early in October. Completion in ten or twelve months is expected. Special committees will work throughout all the intervening time to gather in 500 Novices for the monster Ceremonial which will celebrate the dedication in 1929. The auditorium, which will be apart from the club quarters, will seat 3200, with aisle space for an additional 800.

(ZORAH, TERRE HAUTE, IND.)
Zorah held a Fall festival in the Mosque throughout the week of October 8-13, featuring exhibits of Indiana merchandise. Her-



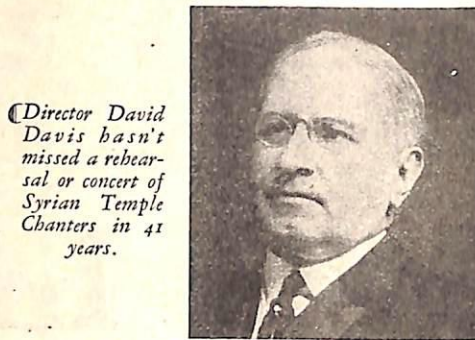
James H. Price, Imperial Recorder, was elected and installed Grand Generalissimo of the Grand Commandery, K. T., of Virginia, October 26th.



Julius P. Heil, Past Potentate Tripoli and Representative to Imperial Council for 14 years.



Noble Al Smith of Moslem, one of the organizers of Shrine Directors' Association.



Director David Davis hasn't missed a rehearsal or concert of Syrian Temple Chanters in 41 years.

alded as the city's greatest fun frolic, the festival was also of economic value to the buying public and the traders. All parts of the Mosque were equipped with loud speakers and the entertainment programs each night were broadcast over WBOW.

(ZUHRAH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.)
Booster luncheons on October 8th and 22nd were the principal official events of the month, but behind the scenes the Divan and working bodies were busy with committee meetings and rehearsals in anticipation of a busy and useful Autumn-Winter season. Several important events will come off, including a few big Ceremonials.

PLANS MADE FOR 1928 EAST-WEST FOOTBALL GAME
By NOBLE WILLIAM UNMACK

EVERY Noble takes pride in the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children. This is particularly true of those in Islam Temple of San Francisco, where for three years the Nobles have been called on to give of their services to assure the success of the great East-West football game for the benefit of the San Francisco Unit. The 1927 game earned \$35,000 net.

The fourth annual all-star game will be played at Kezar Stadium, San Francisco, on December 29th. Illustrious Potentate Phil Erbes has named a strong general committee headed by Past Potentate Hugh K. McKeivitt as chairman and Noble William M. Coffman as director general. From the inception of the plan in 1925 they have been the bulwarks around whom a strong, hard working and highly efficient organizing group has been formed. Thousands of Islamites work for the success of the game, and the one this year is no exception to the rule.

The committee has started work earlier this year because of the enlargement of the stadium from 22,000 to 60,000 capacity. Last year the 22,000 seats were all sold and standing room was sold to the limit and thousands turned away. This year, with 60,000 seats to sell, the problem of ticket disposition requires well organized machinery. Islam members say it can be done and they are working for a "sell out."

The game itself is now known throughout [Shrine News Continued on page 48]

want you to remember me as a red-haired brainstorm. Not quite that. Perhaps I don't understand all of it, Tony, but I'm sure that I love you in the meekest, mildest way ever. Perhaps I've loved you so long and not recognized the fact that I began planning to be a wild, wild woman and insist that you be one of my victims. Young girls think such things out strangely," even in the candlelight, her eyes were more violet than he ever remembered. "They don't blush or faint—they're far more apt to pretend to be a heart pirate, a twenty minute egg, a—"

"Are you awake—and without a tempera- ture?" Riddick asked soberly.

"Because I'm young, it is not fair of you not to love me," she swept on, "that is, if you are so inclined. Not that I'm urging myself on you—never that," a sob in her voice. "I'll be glad to go back tomorrow with only Frenchy. I'll never bother you again, I'll never even let you see me again . . . now that I've made a comic valentine of myself—but it was because I didn't understand—I didn't, Tony—I only knew something within me kept thinking of you and wondering about you and wanting to see you and hear your voice and then—"

"What did make you understand that you loved me?" he asked.

"I've always thought about you first," she explained slowly, as if explaining to herself as well. "All the things they said of you stayed with me, about your being wicked and having a flat in town. Every matinee hero lacked the something you have—your gruff voice, your untidy hair—your eyes. The heroes lost their identities as soon as the curtain fell. I remembered them as being Tonys. When I was older—much older—"

"And so was I," Riddick reminded. But Sheila did not seem to hear.

"I still thought of you first of all, even before I worried about Badgy. I'm afraid I used Badgy and her problems as an excuse to see a great deal of you. After all, what did I really do that was so terribly wrong? Did I run off with the Allen twins? They've asked me to—tons of times. No, I began trying to persuade you that you needed me. All the time I was thinking of you and dreaming of you and longing for you to be doing the same. I was even happy when I could get you to be cross with me. I've been an abominable cheat!"

"Just when did this startling revelation take place?" Tony reserved decision.

"When we were almost at the lodge; I began to be afraid that you might take me at my word, just as you said. That you'd spoil my dream hero, that you'd be ruthless, careless—although it would have been my own fault. But I couldn't turn back. Then I thought of finding you with men friends who would damn me forever . . . who would always tease you about it . . . or, worse still, with someone you loved, one of your—"

"Affairs," supplied Tony obligingly. "Sheila, men never bring anything into the heart of the woods that is not in their own hearts."

"I should have realized that. Only I was jealous. Jealous people don't bother to think—they just jump to conclusions."

"I'm almost thirty-seven and a hopeless bachelor, a grouch six days out of seven. On the seventh day, I'm apt to be a prize sinner. Perhaps I do all the things that little girls must never know about; I had a hurt when I was young and I've over-worked it as an excuse to become a selfish, carefree man . . ."

"Was she young, too?" Sheila's eyes narrowed.

"We were both very young." Sheila winced. "I don't mind affairs but I can't bear to think [Continued on page 55]

GIVE HEALTH

the perfect Christmas gift

OSCAR SHAW, Musical Comedy Star, a Health Builder enthusiast.



keep fit in 15 minutes a day

DOROTHY KNAPP Proclaimed the World's Most Beautiful Girl



THIS Christmas, give the family a gift that all will enjoy. Make their Christmas present one that will insure radiant health throughout the year. Surprise and delight them with a Battle Creek Health Builder.

Oscillate Your Way to Health

There is only one way to keep fit—DAILY physical exercise. Science now makes this possible, and in a most enjoyable, simple new way. Just 15 minutes a day of invigorating massage and vibratory-exercise with the famous Battle Creek Health Builder, manufactured under the patents of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, awakens each tiny capillary into new activity, stimulates

the perspiratory and sebaceous glands, vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, helps eliminate dangerous body poisons, and quickly reduces weight in any part of the body desired.

The Result of Years of Development

No other appliance can produce the same effects as the Health Builder. Improved year by year, as a result of long study and research by an eminent physician, the action of the Health Builder is perfectly synchronized with human muscle tone.

A Health Builder for Every Requirement

Ideal for home use is the Universal Home Model, a compact enclosed Health Builder. The Athletic Model is very popular for clubs, home gymnasiums, colleges, health centers, institutions, steamships, etc., while the handsome De Luxe Cabinet Models combine utility with distinctive beauty.

Health Facts for You—FREE!

Send at once for "Keeping Fit in Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a valuable FREE book showing how the Health Builder keeps you fit. Health should come first! Write for your copy—NOW!

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Choice of 80,000 Because Medically Correct

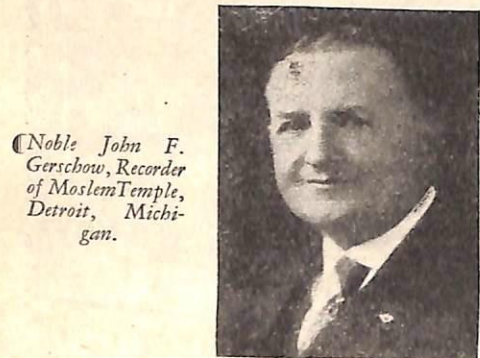
The Battle Creek Health Builder Keeps You Fit!

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 46]

the country. The greatest stars of the Eastern colleges are picked to oppose the Western stars in a remarkable demonstration of football. Noble Andy Kerr, Syria Temple, Pittsburgh, coach of Washington and Jefferson University, and Dick Handley, coach of Northwestern University, are the two outstanding experts who select and coach the Eastern team. Out in the Far West



James T. Gibbs, Past Potentate, Almas Temple and Grand Master, District of Columbia.



Noble John F. Gerschow, Recorder of Moslem Temple, Detroit, Michigan.

Noble Swede Woods of the Olympic Club and Noble "Babe" Hollingbery, who is coach at Washington State College, direct the Western team. (Photographs on page 38.)

The first three games have been won by the West but this year the Eastern coaches are out to win harder than ever.

The Eastern players will meet in Chicago about December 15th. They will spend three days in San Francisco and then will be sent away to Palo Alto for a full week of solid practice by themselves and away from the strenuous entertainment features of a big city that the coaches last year complained of as being too generous before a game of such importance.

All members of the Nobility who may be in San Francisco then are invited to help out this worthy charity. Islam Temple's doors are always open to Nobles visiting the city by the Golden Gate and you will get all information you want and the pick of seats by writing to Islam Temple in advance. Tickets at \$5.00 or \$3.00 will be reserved and held for any Noble from any part of the country.

Politics has its Al Smith and so has the Mystic Shrine. The subject of this sketch was one of the organizers of the Shrine Directors Association and its first national president. For more than twenty years Noble Smith has been Director of Moslem Temple in Detroit and hence one of its most prominent officers. He is a member of Ashlar Lodge No. 1, Peninsular Chapter No. 16, Damascus Commandery No. 42, and the Michigan Consistory of the Scottish Rite.

Noble F. Lawrence Walker—"Larry" Walker—one of the best known and most popular Recorders and Imperial Council Representatives in the Mystic Shrine—is a no-

table of Almas Temple in Washington, D. C. Larry became a Master Mason in King Solomon Lodge No. 31 in 1905. The following year he was accepted by Columbia Chapter No. 1, Royal Arch Masons; by Adoniram Council, Royal and Select Masters, and Columbia Commanders No. 2 of the Knights Templar, in 1907. The same year he was ennobled by Almas Temple. In 1920 he was made a 32° Mason by Albert Pike Consistory in Washington. He is also affiliated with Areme Chapter No. 10, Order of the Eastern Star, and Capital Court No. 50, Royal Order of Jesters.

He was the first president of the Recorders Association of North America and filled the office three years. For the past several years he has been a Representative to the Imperial Council. He was a member of the executive committee which directed the mammoth Imperial Council sessions in Washington in 1923. He has been honored with honorary membership in these Temples: Aladdin, Ansar, Abou Ben Adhem, India, Kareem, Syria, Mohammed, Za-Ga-Zig, Zembo.

Noble Reynold E. Blight, 33°, a prominent member of Al Malaikah Temple in Los Angeles, is the orator who "put over" the famous Allen H. Ratterree hospital film entitled "An Equal Chance." It is understood that Noble Ratterree spent \$50,000 on this moving picture, which was described at length in a previous issue of The Shrine Magazine.

As official lecturer on the film, Noble Blight went from Coast to Coast, appearing before twenty-five Temples and addressing 55,000 persons, covering more than 10,000 miles. The film is still being shown throughout the country.

Noble Blight is author of "Freemasonry at a Glance," a handy and useful volume priced as low as one dollar, in order to give all Masons a chance to own it. In private

Noble Reynold E. Blight, 33° Mason, of Al Malaikah, Los Angeles.



F. Lawrence Walker, Recorder, Almas Temple, Washington, D. C.

Noble Jacob C. Morse who is in his 13th year as publicity attaché of Aleppo Temple, Boston.



Potentate Fred C. Hamilton, Khar-tum Temple, Winnipeg, Canada.



Gustave W. Niemann, Past Potentate, Moolah, St. Louis, and 33° Mason.

life he is a C. P. A., senior member of Blight and Wheeler, located in the C. C. Chapman Building, Los Angeles.

SHRINE FUND AIDS SUFFERERS

More than \$20,000 was contributed by Shrine and Masonic bodies to the relief of Florida hurricane sufferers, Noble A. A. D. Rahn of Minneapolis indicated in his report to the Imperial Potentate. His accounting to the Imperial was concurred in by Noble E. J. Burke, Past Potentate of Morocco Temple of Jacksonville, and Judge E. B. Donnell, Potentate of Mahi Temple of Miami.

These three constituted the special Imperial storm committee, in association with Judge Cary B. Fish, a Noble of Egypt Temple, Past Grand Master of Florida, Chairman of the Masonic and Shrine Information Headquarters. In his report to the Imperial Potentate and to John Barton Payne, Chairman of the American Red Cross, Noble Rahn, spoke in most eulogistic terms of Noble Fish's achievements in the time of stress.

Noble Rahn also commended H. C. Young, executive secretary of Judge Fish's committee; Brigadier General Vivian Collins of the Florida National Guard, Adjutant General of Florida, who was ennobled by Morocco Temple in 1906 and is now enrolled with Egypt Temple in Tampa; J. S. B. Moyer, Grand Treasurer of Florida; Noble Dr. William J. Buck, Florida Board of Health; Noble John W. Martin, Governor of Florida; Noble Robert H. Ward, Major, Florida Militia; Noble W. H. von Behren, Captain, Florida Militia; Noble Fred Davis, Attorney General of Florida; Sheriff R. C. Baker of Palm Beach County.

He also mentioned valuable advice and assistance received from Nobles Fred W. Delaney, Recorder, Mahi; George W. Carr, a Red Cross chairman; L. T. Lockwood, Manager of Palm Beach; Howard W. Selby, chairman, Palm Beach County Red Cross; Vincent Oaksmith, Mayor of West Palm Beach; A. E. Parker, City Manager of West Palm Beach.

Most of the funds from various sources was turned over to Noble Fish to be administered at his discretion. The Imperial Council's initial subscription was \$5,000, and

[Shrine News Continued on page 57]

WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING [Continued from page 4]

But he goes to school with the "ups" nearly every day. He can turn his head and the charts are held up and at an angle within his line of vision. Indeed, Charlie knew not of the scholastic life until becoming a Shrine guest in Springfield. And now, from being a boy who had never been to school and "didn't care about readin'" he has become a lover of books. History and geography are his favorite subjects. And he is a leader among the boys in being able to identify most of 77 birds depicted on a set of cards and colored charts.

This bird identity course has brought many deserved plaudits to Mrs. Main. She has teams of boys competing with teams of girls, and as a rule the pigtailed score as high as the boys. As a matter of fact, this Summer the best of all was Margaret, who knew every one of the 77 exhibits.

The miniature dwelling (Picture on Page 54) was made by the children, and if you had been a visitor, even weeks after it was completed, Esther and Viola and Mary would have insisted upon your seeing and admiring this doll house, and would not have to be urged to admit that they had a lot to do with painting, papering and furnishing it.

The Springfield patients make many useful articles, such as purses, bags, embroidery on linen handkerchiefs, raffia mats, clay models and button-hole bouquets of bright wool. Boys fashion these things as well as the girls.

The City of Springfield supplies the teacher for the Hospital and the Springfield Rotary Club furnished the schoolroom. It was opened on Christmas Day of 1926, and is a splendid example of municipal and civic cooperation.

As this highly successful teacher goes from room to room she frequently hears this refrain:

"One-two-three-four,
"Who are we for?
"MRS. MAIN!"

A little while ago she was away a week on account of illness. Upon returning to the hospital she found upon her desk a tribute in modeling clay. More eloquent than an embossed memorial, it says:

"Buddy L. gang.
"Welcome Mrs. Main.
"Parker. Andrew.
"Duncan. Armand."

From a Noble in Vermont we have received a hearty endorsement of the work at Springfield. He tells about the little girl of a close buddy. She was born within a week of the writer's child, a blithesome miss who learned to walk in due time. But the buddy's child did not, and finally it was discovered that on one side there was no hip socket for the ball of the hip to fit into. Doctors said the wearing of a cast would press out a hole for the ball. So, he adds, the child lay that way for several months, with both legs extended outward, and the anxious parents spent \$1,000, of which \$500 was borrowed.

"Finally came the day when the cast could be removed, and words can never tell the anguish of her parents and those of us who knew her sweet patience when it was discovered that the socket had not formed."

The Noble then suggested the Springfield Hospital, and overcame the fear of the mother that a free hospital could not be a safe place for an afflicted child so small. He interested his Temple Potentate, the committee got busy, and as it was an emergency case, the child was received at Springfield without delay. We will let the Noble tell the rest of the story in his own way:

"That wonderful Doctor Hatt of that hos-

No time for YALE took college home



"Fifteen Minutes a Day is indeed a valuable adjunct to The Harvard Classics and I constantly consult it with profit and delight. Here is a college education within the reach of everyone—knowledge stripped of its dull components and presented with attractive succinctness. The Reading Guide may be opened at random, a subject heading selected by chance, and an enchanting quarter of an hour is the reader's who will add to his education and pleasure.

"A cynic of my acquaintance, consulted by a young lady in love with an impecunious youth, advised her as follows: 'With love I have no quarrel, but I doubt if poverty is soluble in love. My dear girl, it is just as easy to fall in love with a rich man as it is with a poor one.'

"The application here is obvious. 'It is just as easy to read good books as it is to read rubbish.'"

—H. C. WITWER.

—says H. C. Witwer

H. C. WITWER, popular short story writer, confessed that he had acquired a college education without going to any college. In response to a query concerning the classical literary flavor of the opening paragraphs and titles of his current stories in Collier's and in Cosmopolitan Magazine, Witwer produced a letter he had just written to a friend in New York.

"I most assuredly have a Five-Foot Shelf," he wrote, "and if you don't think I use it constantly for inspiration, reference, and mental calisthenics, you should see the well-thumbed pages.

"There is no excuse for anyone missing a college education when these books are available."

In response to further inquiries, Witwer said that he has been successively a newsboy, soda jerk, circus publicity writer, sports editor, and short story writer. "I have never had time to be an inmate of dear old Yale," he added, "but a constant inmate of my home has been

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF (The Harvard Classics)

To H. C. WITWER, one of the most popular and admired of modern

MAIL THE COUPON NOW

Since 1875, P. F. Collier & Son Company has published good books, and furthers the cause of good reading by offering you the plan which enables you to pay for the books while you are enjoying them.

You owe it to yourself to act promptly



P. F. Collier & Son Company 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and contains the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot. Also please advise how I may procure the books by small monthly payments.

Name Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐
Address

The publishers cannot undertake to send this book free to children

WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

[Continued from page 49]

pital did in a few weeks with a knife what the other doctors had taken months with a crucifying cast to try to do. And another day that this Noble shall never forget was the day that he was privileged to take his family and the family of the patient to the hospital to see her. He remembers so well the fear of the mother that her baby had been lonesome and perhaps not used just as she would wish and the unspoken dread that perhaps like before the doctors might have been wrong again.

"But when we arrived at that Temple of Smiles all that was soon forgotten. We discovered several things wrong, but not in that way. We discovered the baby so attached to her nurses and the doctors that she did not want to go home and protested very loudly that she would be content to have her parents stay there but that she herself couldn't leave to go home with them. Also we found that she was absolutely cured and that within a reasonable time she would be able to run and play as any normal child.

"Shriners will never know, I am sure, the feeling of those parents. They can't tell it because it's too big to be expressed with words. The father is a Mason, the mother a Star. The father tells me he is living for the day when he can pay up the money he has had to borrow to try to help his child and can afford to spend the money required to enable him to wear a fez. As he says, 'I shall never be satisfied until I can feel that I belong to the Order that is doing the work the Shrine is doing.'

"And as I sit sometimes and watch my daughter run and play with her friend who was once so crippled but is now so active I thank the Good Lord that He has given me the right to be a small part of that great work which is only just begun.

"And it is my ardent prayer that every member of the Shrine may come to know first hand some such case as I know. I do not believe there are any Shriners anywhere who feel that the hospital fee is too much. Shriners think it is too small, but if there be one or maybe two somewhere it is because they have not read or seen the miracles that are being performed. May Allah give them the opportunity of seeing their Temple of Smiles at work."

GOOD WORK DONE BY KOSAIR

Telling the story of its tiny patients with photographs is no longer a problem at Kosair Crippled Children's Hospital. Instead the Temple of Smiles sponsored by the Nobility of Louisville now has a regular studio with the staff taking to photography like Novices clinging to the rope. All of which is due to a Noble (actively identified with Kosair Temple) who provided the equipment and the necessary instructions.

When a new patient arrives—sometimes a pain-racked bit of humanity carried on a pillow from a cabin in the Kentucky hills—introduction starts in the operating-room, but to a photographer instead of a surgeon. Here, under the big window, begins a dismal story in picture form that runs until it finishes with a happy ending, as all stories should.

Miss Agnes O'Roke, Superintendent of Kosair Hospital, is shown on page 4 making the picture of a patient ready to return to his parents. The Noble who schooled the superintendent and her staff in the mysteries of the picture art admits that his pupils now excel him in photographing crippled children. The camera used is of the home-portrait

type, 5x7, with a fast lens. Portrait films are used and developed, as soon as made, in X-ray developing tanks. When dry the films are sent to a photo finisher for printing. The hospital studio not only avoids the high cost of its photographic records, but more essential than that, it can furnish a camera operator whenever one is needed.

Up to August 25th of this year Kosair's Hospital for Crippled Children had discharged 279 children whose deformities had been corrected. In a letter Potentate Frank E. Johnson praises "the valuable services of the more than 120 physicians in Louisville who have given, unstintedly and gratuitously, of their time and talents to the little patients of this Hospital."

The young lady with the wagon (page 54) is Miss Emma J. Williams, daughter of Noble Edmond Williams, of San Luis Obispo, California, who, in private life is local chairman of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The little wagon at her feet is full of tin foil for the Shrine hospital in San Francisco, where it is sold for the benefit of the little patients there. It was gathered by Shriners and Masons in San Luis Obispo. It is surprising what a pile of tin foil from cigars, cigarettes, gum, candy, etc., can be garnered, and not so long ago Noble Williams and his group sent 150 pounds to San Francisco.

If all the 600,000 Shriners would save tin foil what a lot of dollars they would be making for the hospitals in the course of a year.

There is good fraternal precedent for it. In October of this year the Ancient Order of Druids in England turned in 60 tons of tin foil, netting \$10,000, to endow five hospital beds.

MARY ANN: A SMILING SYMBOL

We have selected Mary Ann Carroll of St. Paul, Minnesota, as a Shrine Symbol. Her photograph is the sign manual of a Temple of Smiles, this particular one being the Twin Cities Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children. (Photograph Page 54.)

We also spread before the Nobility Mrs. Carroll's accompanying letter as a genuine human document. It breathes the spirit

of the thousands of letters written in the past three years by grateful parents—letters that will never be printed. It has been possible to run but a mere fraction of these voluntary testimonials from all races (one unique letter was in Japanese). And now that this is the last issue of The Shrine Magazine we have selected Mrs. Carroll's to speak for all the others. Mrs. Carroll doesn't know it, but in her racy way she has drawn a picture, a real picture, so that we see the scene as she sees it. In this regard her letter is literature.

While the date of this communication is last December, it was mislaid (after all that fine frenzy of inspired writing) and finally found and mailed to the Magazine only in September. The main body is typewritten and the P. S. is written by pen. Here it is:

"Mrs. Grace Carroll,
"252 W. Morton St.,

"St. Paul, Minn.,
"Dec. 7th, 1927.

"Dear Editor of Shrine Magazine:

"As the Christmas season draws near and I see how nicely Mary Ann runs all around the house and plays all day—I feel so thankful to all the Shriners that have made those wonderful hospitals possible—that I feel I just simply had to write a letter and tell you how happy you have made this family. Last Christmas Mary Ann was in a double-hip cast—but she was at home here with me, and just as good-natured and happy as if she was able to run around—only a little over two years old—and such a skinny little mite!!

"When Mary Ann was born she never seemed as strong and healthy as her two brothers had been and we thought that was the reason she seemed so slow in walking, and she crept so strangely when we would put her on the floor. Then one day when she was over nineteen months old she started walking very slowly and limped way over on her right side. That week the three children came down with measles and the second boy, Jimmie, only three and a half, died in the City Hospital here. Just as soon as we could we took Mary Ann to a bone specialist here and he said she would have to have the manipulation operation on her

[Continued on page 53]



(Danny Yates' orchestra entertaining the children at the Montreal Unit of the Shriners Hospitals.

PILES CURED

Without the Knife

AT THE
**BURLESON
SANITARIUM**

Not One
Cent Until Cured

We guarantee a cure in every case we accept or make no charge for our services. Also, upon completion of the treatment each patient is given a written guarantee reading: "Should the above trouble ever return we agree to give all treatments necessary to again effect a cure without any additional charge." This guarantee assures

you of permanent relief. The Burleson Treatment has been successful for more than 25 years . . . in over 25,000 cases. It is painless and involves no danger to the patient. Furthermore, patients are not confined to a hospital but are guests of the sanitarium . . . free to come and go as they please.

Wife Cured By One Treatment

"My wife had been suffering with protruding piles since she was three years old," writes Mr. Geo. Miller, Road Foreman of Engines, Southern Ry. System, Meridian, Miss., "which were cured by one treatment at your sanitarium."

"Suffered for 28 Years; Cured at Last"

"After having suffered with hemorrhoids (piles) for twenty-eight years," writes Mr. D. O. Steward, Gainesville, Fla., "I can hardly realize that I am cured at last." "For five years I was afflicted with piles and hemorrhoids," writes Mr. D. Christie, Druggist, Fairmont, W. Va., and "At times I would be unable to walk or look after my business affairs. A year or more ago a fistula appeared. I suffered torments. Friends advised an operation, as did several physicians. I sent for one of your catalogs, and wrote six people in different parts of the United States asking them about the institution and treatment. I received an answer from every one, saying that they had all been entirely cured and speaking in the highest terms of the Sanitarium and its management, so I lost no time in getting there myself. I spent five weeks there, was entirely cured of the piles, had six hemorrhoids and a fistula removed, never suffered any pain, and never went to bed from the treatment."



The Largest Institution in the World for the Cure of Diseases of the Rectum (EXCEPT CANCER)

"Since My Piles Were Cured, Other Troubles Disappeared"

That is what the Rev. E. W. Sprague, 975 West Canfield Ave., Detroit, Mich., wrote, while Dr. S. C. Sims, Sterling, Ill., wrote: "Judging from my professional as well as personal experience I regard your method of treating hemorrhoids (piles) to be the most commendable, when considered from all angles, of any method in vogue at the present time." He is only one of many, many physicians who have taken The Burleson Treatment . . . and all of them feel the same way about it; that the Burleson Treatment is the most successful ever discovered for the cure of diseases of the rectum (EXCEPT CANCER.)

"Four Doctors Told Me I Could Never Be Cured, But I Was"

Mr. C. S. Holden, Clarksburg, W. Va., was pronounced incurable by four of the best physicians in his state, but The Burleson Treatment cured him, just as it has cured thousands of others. Mr. J. B. Harlan, Chief Special Agent of the L. & N. R. R., Louisville, Ky., wrote: "The Burleson Treatment is a quick, sure and permanent cure," and A. J. Racicot, Webster, Mass., wrote: "I am convinced beyond doubt that all cases that you accept can be cured." We guarantee it, and our Lifetime Guarantee protects you."

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DEPT. B119
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Write for Free Booklet and List of People Who Have Been Cured

Send for this booklet at once. Read the amazing facts contained in it. It contains all details about the treatment, how administered, facilities for patients (with photographs), pictures of the medical staff and an outline of their experience; also scores of letters from grateful men and women who have been cured permanently by The Burleson Treatment. If you suffer from any disease of the rectum, (EXCEPT CANCER), by all means get and read this wonderful booklet. Send for it today. Simply clip the coupon at the right, fill it out and MAIL IT. . . . TODAY SURE.

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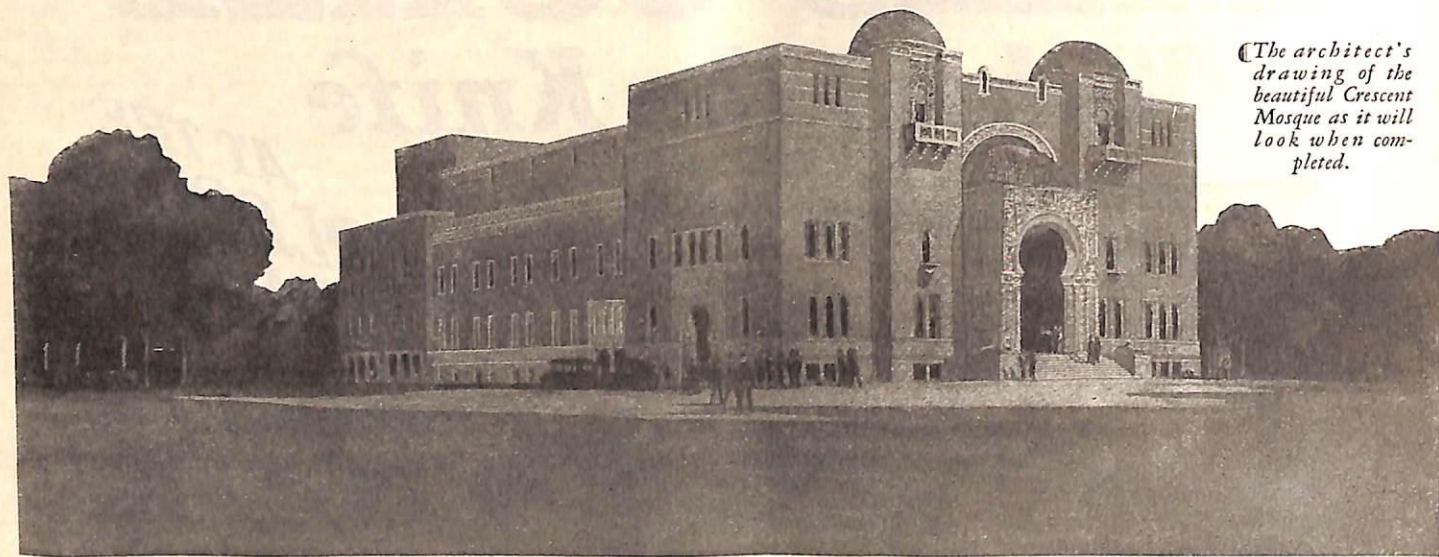
Gentlemen: Please send me your book, describing The Burleson Treatment and containing testimonial letters of those who have been cured.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

The New CRESCENT TEMPLE Mosque of Trenton, N. J., Is Rising



(The architect's drawing of the beautiful Crescent Mosque as it will look when completed.)

THE structure now rising out of the ground at Clinton and Wall streets, in Trenton, New Jersey, will soon be the new mosque of Crescent Temple. The building will be 120 by 240 feet, with an average height of 50 feet. Its domes and rugged lines are typical of the Moorish influence which dominates the design, conveying a subtle suggestion of the spirit of the Mystic Shrine. With this is combined a distinctly modern feeling as the function of the building is expressed in its architectural treatment.

Above a base of variegated sandstone rise buff brick walls of soft texture, laid up in a diamond pattern. The main entrance and the balconies of its flanking towers, together with the domes, are of Polychrome terra cotta in delightful tones of red, blue and gold, while the trim of the windows and parapets of the roof are picked out in foliated ornamental terra cotta which blends beautifully with the brick work. The ornament has been studied from authentic historical examples such as the Alhambra and Mosque of Cordova. Windows of tinted leaded glass admit soft colored light to the interior. The mystery and grandeur of the building will be best seen when the domes and balconies are picked out of the blackness of the night by flood lights.

In the entrance porch, main vestibule and foyer will be a profusion of luxuriant Moorish ornamental decoration in color, worked out with alternating horizontal plain bands, all in terra cotta. In the foyer two grand staircases of colored tiles with lighting torches and ornamental iron balustrades will lead to the upper ambulatories, club rooms, and to seats in the auditorium.

The auditorium has been treated simply but effectively, with domes and minarets on each side of the curtain forming a fitting setting for the hot sands over which a pilgrimage to Mecca will soon start.

The side walls are pierced by Moorish arches which admit light from the ambulatory windows, while overhead bands of ornamental plaster decorated in rich color form panels in which are located 15 circular leaded glass ceiling sash, 12 feet in diameter. Above the ceiling are reflectors which illuminate the house with a soft diffused light having the appearance of daylight. For ventilation, heated air is supplied through ducts in the ceiling. The current of air moves downward and is exhausted through mushrooms under the seats, taking smoke

with it before it can form a cloud, thus assuring a clear, wholesome atmosphere at all times.

Row upon row of seats rise from the drill floor to the top of the house with no overhanging balconies, giving the effect of a stadium. The seats flank the 60 by 70 drill floor on three sides, while the fourth is closed in by the stage. There are 2,200 fixed, comfortable upholstered seats, and space for 800 movable chairs on the drill floor.

The plan is very flexible. The 12-foot apron of the stage permits the first section of a ceremonial to proceed while the stage is set up for the third section, and the drills and floor work of the second section are done on the drill floor. In a large session the drill floor may be arranged with seats, and the drills and floor work done on the stage.

Crescent may well be proud of the stage it will possess. It is 44 feet deep and 75 feet wide, and has a 52-foot wide proscenium arch. The best stage equipment on the market has been provided for the proper initiation of the new candidates. At the same time, it will accommodate any stage production.

Candidates will be received at a separate entrance and entertained in a waiting room and medical suite capable of handling a record class. This is located on a mezzanine floor directly under the stage. From this point there is easy access to the stage and drill floor. Where possible, easy ramps have been provided to move working units and audiences to the various levels, with the idea of adding to the utility and comfort of the building.

Uniformed bodies will form in wide ambulatories under the side seating, and march out upon the drill floor with no obstruction to break step and throw the ranks into confusion. Three different entrances may be used. Back stage is provided with property and paraphernalia rooms, plus two tiers of dressing rooms on levels above the stage floor.

The band, chanters and patrol each is to have a room for their use in the front of the basement. This also contains an apartment for the caretaker and a locker room large enough for a capacity house. The central portion of this floor is occupied by a banquet hall that will seat 1,200 diners, and under the candidates' level are the kitchen, boiler room and fan room.

The club rooms will utilize the space under the seating of the auditorium. On the foyer floor to the right of the main entrance is the Potentate's suite of a reception room, a private office, wardrobe niche and bathroom.

To the left are two large lounge rooms with ample wash facilities. Private stairs lead to a section on the second ambulatory floor, where are located billiard and card rooms, with ample offices for the trustees, and the Recorder, who also has at his disposal a private bath and a vault for records.

Should the auditorium be rented out, the club house part may be shut off from the rest of the building, so that the Nobility will always enjoy it as a sure haven of refuge.

The most remarkable achievement in the planning of this unique building is the fact that its construction, including architect's fees, but without furnishings, is to cost 37.5 cents per cubic foot. This is just about as economical as possible for a structure of this character, and the Nobility will receive full value for every dollar expended.

This is a certainty: the opening of the new mosque will usher in a new era in the history of the Temple; the Nobility will be justly proud of their splendid structure, which is but the outward sign of the fine spirit within; and the pleasure derived from working and playing in such a delightful atmosphere will knit the Order more closely together than ever before.

In conclusion, tribute must be paid to the men of vision who conceived and are rapidly bringing this project to completion. They have labored that their fellows may be benefited. All honor is due them from the present membership and will be forthcoming from the thousands who will start their pilgrimage through its portals during the years it will serve as the home of Crescent Temple.

The building committee is composed of the following: Harry E. Evans, Chairman; Earl E. Jeffries, Potentate, Newton A. K. Bugbee, Linford D. Closson, Richard Chamberlain, George A. Katzenbach, Edwin H. Ginneley, Fred P. Rees, Alfred K. Leuckel, and Abram Swan, Jr.

The design and construction of the building have been carried on by Walter Hankin, architect, and J. Osborne Hunt, associate architect.

DECEMBER, 1928

WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING [Continued from page 50]

hip to get it back in the socket and the operation alone would cost us \$250! We, who could hardly see our way clear to pay all the other doctor bills and for the funeral. But the doctor wanted us to let Mary Ann run around all summer as she was, and have the operation done in September. But in the meantime Mr. Carroll had told a man he had once worked for—Mr. H. W. Johnson—all about it. So he very kindly got the aid of Mr. Tom Rishworth and he fixed everything for us and the first week in September Mary Ann was admitted into the Shrine Hospital—her operation was done by Dr. Wallace Cole, and in two weeks I was allowed to take her home and take care of her myself—and for almost six months she laid upstairs on her iron frame with her hips flattened out straight, in a cast, but she was so good and sang and talked all day.

"Once a month I brought her back to the hospital for examinations and X-Rays, until the middle of March, when they took off her fourth and last cast, and that was a funny, happy day for us. Funny, because Mary Ann had contracted scarlet fever. God knows where she got it!! We had to wait until the quarantine was lifted before we could take her out to the hospital, of course, and when we got there—after visiting hours were over—they had to isolate Mary Ann in the bathroom and put her in a lysol solution bath, before they attempted to take the cast off—to kill any germs that might be under it . . . One month later I brought her back again for another X-Ray and it showed that she was fine and though her hip is a little undeveloped, and she may limp a little when she doesn't feel well, or is very tired, she is all over that awful swinging limp she had before, and now her legs are straight as sticks and she is getting stronger and fatter and prettier every day . . . and there isn't a day but I offer up a prayer for her and the good Shriners that have helped her, and saved her from being a cripple for life.

"There are many Shriners who have never been near one of the Hospitals that they help support—I'll wager! It's such a wonderful, clean and wholesome place to visit that every one should make it a point to go, especially one that is indulging in self-pity. Go out there and look at those bright, happy faces of children that have their bodies stretched up on an iron or wooden frame—some with both hips stretched flat—helpless, wasted looking legs stretched out to the sun, arms that look as if they will never be of any use and backs that seem altogether unable to bear the burdens of this life . . . go there and then try and feel sorry for yourself . . . go home and thank God that your own children can romp and play without a heartbreaking limp or a helpless part of their body.

"Another thing every Shriner should visit, if possible, is the out-patients department—examinations are made usually on Tuesdays. It surely is a confidence-inspiring sight to see those half-dozen nurses and three or four doctors walk into that room, all dressed in purest white, all looking so efficient . . . stopping to talk cheerfully to this and that child that had perhaps traveled hundreds of miles alone. And they know the first names of every child that had ever been into the place before. As one nurse said to me, 'They cry when they come in and cry when they leave.'

"The examining room is partitioned off into booths in which there is a table and a chair, and one side is for the boys and the other for girls. The mothers or guardians are always allowed to go into the

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When you have forgotten your wife's Christmas present (the first year after marriage) on Christmas morning, be nonchalant . . . offer her a MURAD.

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The new Little Corporal "Elastex" Belt for MEN will take inches off your waistline. Gives you true athletic posture, wonderful ease and comfort and relieves that tired feeling. No lacers—no buckles—no straps. "On and off in a jiffy." Guaranteed one year.

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Solid bronze, Nickel plated. Size 4 in. x 4 in.

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Dr. C. W. Trail says:—"When I am not using the Farrington, my wife is using it; when my wife is not using it, our 8-year old daughter is using it. Every home should have at least one."

Insures
Correct
Posture

Insures
Correct
Posture

At last—a Long Felt Human Want is Filled by this great necessity—Dr. Farrington's portable

Reading Table for the Lap

Conserves the Life of Your Eyes
Here is the helper you have always needed. It saves your eyes—conserves your energy—insures correct posture—prevents eyestrain—permits concentration with real relaxation and absolute comfort. The FARRINGTON supports books, magazines, reading matter, typewriter, writing materials, etc., at just the right angle to insure correct vision, regardless of position. It will help everyone who reads, writes, draws, etc.

IDEAL FOR CHILDREN

Don't let your child hump! It's dangerous! Eyestrain, distorted organs, curved spine and retardation of normal development results. The Farrington compels correct posture.

Students Delight In Its Use

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Chicago
Illinois



WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

[Continued from page 53]

booth with their child and then the examinations start swift and sure. Pretty soon, a little nurse comes down the elevator with the stretcher. Then everyone that had ever been there before knows that another child has been admitted into the hospital. And a lump gathers in your throat, and it almost breaks your heart to think what may be before him—and the parents are separated from them and sign over the permission for treatment—and you wonder what suffering and pain is to come to the child. But too, it always makes you feel happy when they go upstairs, as then you know that they are able and going to do something for him. Every child that is admitted goes out of that place—it may be three, six months or a year or more later—either cured or improved in some way.

"All the children in the hospital seem so unbelievably happy, and all so busy playing with their toys, or studying their lessons, as there are real teachers and school-rooms in the hospitals, or else talking away to the child in the next bed. It surely is surprising how soon they get interested in all that is going on around them and in each other. They seldom get lonesome for their mothers during the day, but if another child's mother comes to visit and love her own, all the rest get homesick.

"Dear Editor, I hope I haven't bored you to tears with all this, but we think so much of Mary Ann, and she is so very sweet and pretty, that I wanted to tell all the Shriners this and let them see her picture, and know how much they have helped her.

"Best of Wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year,

"Mrs. J. Carroll,
"1168 W. Congress St.,
"St. Paul, Minn.

"P. S. Before I had this mailed I became ill and this was misplaced. Now we have moved and no more teachers living with me to supply typewriters for me to misuse. Just yesterday Mary Ann was discharged from the Hospital as a cured case and we are happier than ever and I wish you could see her now!

"Good luck to all and thanks again.

"Grace Carroll."

SALT LAKE MOBILE UNIT

The Salt Lake Mobile Unit had some rather important visitors during the past month, and everyone gave them the best welcome possible.

Miss Amelia Earhart, famed aviatrix, stopped off in flight as the guest of the Chairman of the Local Board, Noble F. C. Schramm, so naturally a visit to the Hospital was in order.

Sir Farquard Buzzard, professor of medi-

cine at Oxford University, and Dr. W. S. Thayer, President of American Medical Association of Johns Hopkins Hospital, visited the Unit on their way home from their Summer lodge near Yellowstone Park. They were especially interested in a child who had had a recent attack of infantile paralysis near their Summer home, and in the Salt Lake Mobile Unit, and expressed a deep interest in the work the Shriners were doing.

Three hundred little cripples and orphans were given a picnic by the Hudson County Shrine Club on July 2nd, together with 900 other kiddies. The big funfest was held in Columbia Amusement Park of Hudson City, New Jersey. A fine lunch, topped off by candy, was served, and all of the 1200 had free tickets to the amusement features and side shows.

This affair moved the Jersey City Journal to say:

"The most wonderful thing about the Shriners activities concerns their crippled children's work. Over 500,000 Shriners from all over the United States and Canada pay \$2 a year for the maintenance of 10 hospitals in various parts of the country.

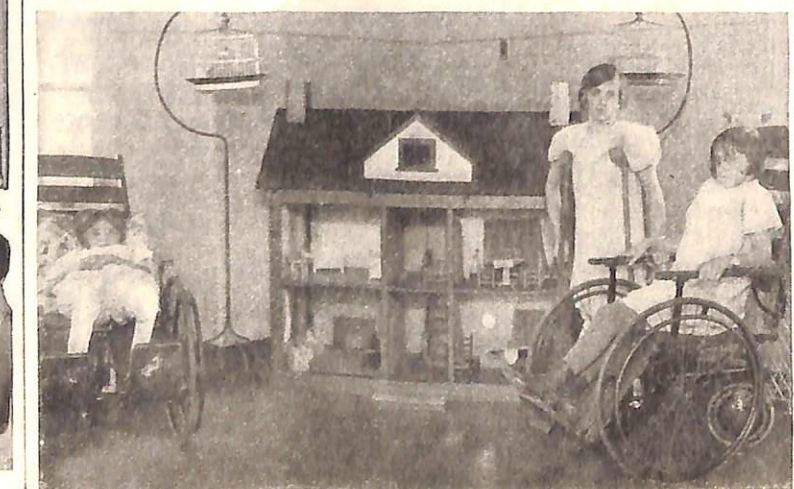
"It is a work of mercy that is entered on The Book of Gold. The humanitarian work of the Shriners is not restricted to any race or creed. The wards of their crippled children's hospitals are filled with Catholic, Jewish and Protestant youngsters undergoing treatment to restore their bodies to complete usefulness.

"And when the Shriners march by in glittering array, remember that beneath each uniform there beats a heart that is overfilled with mercy and tenderness towards the crippled children of the country."



((Below) Emma Williams of San Luis Obispo, with tin foil for San Francisco Unit.

((Above) Mary Ann Carroll cured at San Francisco Unit.



((Three little craftsmen with the house they built in Springfield, Massachusetts, Shriners Hospital for crippled children.

HALF SWORDS [Continued from page 47]

of your having been hurt; that means that you cared. I wanted all of you, you see—"

Tony's laugh was uncertain. "I can't spank nor scold you now. You've destroyed the old relationship—we are self-conscious strangers. It is apt to be serious—this getting you back home. Your father may not accept our versions."

"I shall tell them the truth—" "Let me tell the truth. I can do it more diplomatically. I've studied lying as a fine art and telling the truth as an every day trade. I'm thirty-six," he reminded, "and you are only—"

"You've said that before and about the early hurt . . . what else must I have to bear? What about the lovely lady you were going to try to marry? Was that another of your jokes—to try to make me leave you alone? I thought so. Is there any reason why I should not go on loving you and is there any possible chance of your loving me?" Sheila took a step forward. They were so close that a fold of the chiffon lay coquettishly on the edge of his rough robe.

"Many reasons—'tons' of them! I never realized before what a useful word that could be. I must not love you," he was telling himself.

"I despise boys; I adore grouchy sinners, edging on towards forty."

"I'm unworthy; why the devil should you love me?"

"Bravo! At least you admit that I am in earnest," Sheila put her hands on his arms.

"My dear, I understand you far easier than I can understand myself," he stepped back.

"Let me help you to understand yourself," she was close to him again, her thick, red braids made sparkling stripes down the chiffon gown. She was so close that he could hear the quick, indrawing of her breath as she waited for his answer.

"Why should I love you boyishly, romantically, hopelessly, I who have always tried to be logical and self-contained! How unfair is this—to be loved by someone as wonderful and as sweet as you are," his hands caught hers and held them tightly.

"Do you know what I decided about you years ago?" she whispered. "Badgy was still reading papers for her Tuesday Club. I was a freshman. Listen carefully; this ought to decide an important question for both of us." Suddenly, she rested her head on his shoulder and he bent his lips to kiss her forehead.

"Tell me, darling—but I won't let you love me unless it's a miraculous answer. It would be unfair to you and I don't deserve even a fraction of it . . . see here, perhaps you'd better not tell me what you decided when you were a freshman. I might take advantage of the answer. I want you so much! Sheila, I ran away from you—did you suspect? Ah, but I did. I preferred to shiver at Dun Roaming rather than tremble when I heard your voice."

"When I was a freshman," she began solemnly, "we had an episode with a Hindu teacher, just because it was frowned upon and used up all our pocket money. One of us thought we might be called to take orders as a Himalaya nun, you know. Among the bizarre facts the teacher stated, he said one thing that applied to you. Even then, I knew that it meant you. In his philosophy there is a 'razor-edge' path dividing good and evil. Only a chosen few can tread that path with uncut feet and unchanged hearts. When a man does walk the razor-edge path of good and evil and looks at both without over-emphasizing the one or succumbing to the other, then he is master of both and a law unto him-

self. You've done it—yes, you have. Don't laugh at my simile. It has been real to me for so long. You haven't turned prig nor pirate yet you've had opportunities to do both—tons and tons of them. You see how safe I played—when I chose you for my victim?"

After a moment, she raised her head and looked at him. Dawn lightened the windows. A series of grunts and stretches from the other room told them that Frenchy was preparing for his day's journey.

"I'm going back alone, I shall never bother you again," Sheila said steadily, "but please believe me. It's good to love someone until it hurts; it does things to your soul—"

"It does," suddenly holding her close and finding her lips. "Remember, I'm almost thirty-seven, a grouch six days out of seven and on the seventh a sinner. I've—"

"You've walked the razor-edge path—and I love you. Kiss me again. I'm not ashamed of how hard you were to convince—"

"Was I?" said Tony as he obeyed. "Think ahead a little—years of just me, older, grouchier, less of an interesting sinner. I may become jealous and dominating and monotonous and—"

"But Tony," she reminded, "always Tony."

"M'sieu's niece slep' bonne?" interrupted the guide with the familiarity of an old friend.

"Tres bonne," answered the niece of M'sieu, "et, mon oncle, he take me back—so careful of me . . ."

BADGY received the Montreal telegram before her husband telephoned that he was coming out to the house. He had had word from his son about Sheila; he could say no more over a telephone.

Badgy agreed so gaily that Braddock wondered if there were depths of coldness in his wife which he had not yet fathomed. He found her among the half packed, half unpacked articles of their rooms.

"Good God," he began vehemently, "can a man stand anything more? You knew something of this girl's madness. Tom says that you did. What have you to answer for—to let a child go after that rascal Riddick? Never mind our business relations nor your own affairs, think of Sheila for a moment. The girl, our girl, my girl—didn't you see that she was in danger? Were you too absorbed in other things to try to save her? Why didn't you tell me? This jazz philosophy of Sheila's, this—this—and Tom says when he received her brazen note from Montreal that he called you and that you took it lightly, almost as if you were bored with having to consider it. That you laughed at his fears and said it was a prank, that it was not necessary to worry me about it . . . so the boy came to me!"

Braddock paced the floor. Badgy sat calmly, her hands clasped over the telegram.

"She is Riddick's wife," Badgy announced softly. "It happened this morning. They wired me. Now listen to me, as you listened to Tom. It has ended as I hoped that it would end; Sheila is safe for all time."

Here she gave one of the most accurate reports concerning Sheila to which Braddock had ever listened. She spared Sheila nothing. For once, she forgot doubts and fears, the superstition that if "the dad knew, it would be a bloomer" as the children long ago decreed. As she talked, Braddock's face remained impassive.

"I never worried—as long as it was Tony. I worried about Tom and Nancy but never Sheila."

"Why this beautiful confidence in a man such as Riddick?" [Continued on page 56]

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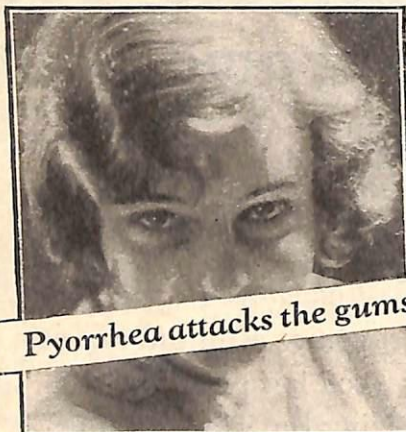
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Although their teeth may be flashing white, 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay heavy toll to Pyorrhea. This disease of neglect attacks the gums.

So as a matter of safety use the dentifrice that cleans teeth white and at the same time helps to firm gums—Forhan's for the Gums.

If used regularly and in time this dentifrice keeps gums alive and healthy. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums. See your dentist every six months and start using Forhan's for the Gums morning and night. Get a tube from your druggist—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
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Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days

"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

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"Because he is older and wiser, just as you were when you married me. Sheila really loves him, although I only suspected it lately. It has been a vicarious experience for me. We were like that, Tom—that was my reason for never doubting. No matter how I once felt or how you have reacted or the tangle that we are in, it does not change the fundamental relationship. You are still older, wiser. Are you to put a black mark against me for all time because I've fibbed a bit and played a trifle? Come, have you always told me everything? How many brave bluffs have you made me believe—the time when the strike was on or when the doctors found you had too fast a heart-beat? Not until later did I discover the truth. Oh, I wish that we had always been frank—but we have both acted wrongly from a right motive. Isn't that a sweeter way of saying it? And it's because Sheila loved Tony and Tony was you in another guise that I never once—"

"Tell me this," Braddock's emotion mastered stoicism, "had he not been an older man and she had told you of her idiotic plans—"

Badgy's eyes were sufficient answer. "I should have forgotten a dozen Drews and Nancys—and come to you. But it was Tony, as safe as he was interesting. You were safe and interesting when I was eighteen. Times change and bring new manners. My day was one of blushing and psyche knots. Sheila's finds her shrilling absurd intentions and using her legacy to buy a musical comedy wardrobe. But it really means the same. It's—it's—" Badgy felt she had exhausted explanations.

She wanted to come to some conclusions herself. Despite Sheila's announcement that she was to avoid her mother's mistakes, had

she not taken a leaf—and a most important one—from Badgy's book when she married Tony? Tony, who was thirty-six and apt to become tyrannical. Had not young Tom turned traitor to his theories of equal freedom? Had he not played the dominating part his father would have played? Were both not following in their parents' footsteps, footsteps which they denounced as leading into an abyss of failure?

Life was not entirely an unsatisfactory compromise. She had tried to give her husband a proof which he ought to accept, a proof which she could not have had if Sheila and Tony had not decided to be married in Montreal and add further confusion and excitement to the general hurrah. She tried telling herself that Tom was wrong, narrow-minded if he refused to accept her proof—only to hear his voice booming through her fog of dismay and deductions:

"Thank God, Badgy, that I know you care—that the other was only a stage storm, a detour that led back to the main road, after all. I never thought that I could be convinced. But a woman doesn't hold her daughter's honor any more lightly than her own... not as much, not as much. Now, I know that you were really sure of me and of yourself—just as you were sure about Sheila and Tony. You've paid me a great tribute, Badgy, in being sure that Tony would true up because I've tried to do the same thing in my awkward way."

He knelt beside her. "Badgy," he added softly, as if fearful some contemporary might overhear and hold it against his efficiency in future days of restored dignity, "while you are dressing in your finest feathers, I'll slip around to that Italian florist and see what he has on hand in the way of a dinner corsage."

WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

[Continued from page 32]

Cochran and Noble Appleton. The late arrival in the afternoon precluded the planned entertainment at the picturesque Penobscot Country Club and a visit to places of historical interest. However, everybody enjoyed the banquet at unique Log Lodge in Lucerne-in-Maine. The guests included Potentate Carl C. Haynes, his Divan, the distinguished visiting guests and Past Potentates George W. Westcott, E. W. Woodbury, Clarence V. Reynolds and Carus T. Spear. A song composed especially for the occasion was sung. As a token of down-east hospitality Assistant Rabban Frederick W. Adams, in behalf of Anah, gave Noble Jones an enormous bear skin rug, a handsome reminder of the big game monarchs to be encountered in the forests of the Pine Tree State. There was also a banquet at the Penobscot Country Club in honor of Mrs. Cochran, the hostess group including Mesdames Carl C. Haynes, George W. Westcott, E. W. Woodbury, C. T. Spear, S. H. Lancaster, James Dunning. A theatre party followed.

The next day the party left Bangor for Halifax, Nova Scotia, to be welcomed by Potentate A. G. Lovett and other officers of Philae Temple. The reception included a banquet, at which the Imperial Potentate spoke, responding to the cordial address of welcome delivered by John C. MacKay, Esq., of Sydney, Grand Master of Masons in Nova Scotia. The Imperial's memento of the visit to Philae is a silver jewel box.

On September 30th the Imperial Potentate and those with him were met at the station in Saint John, New Brunswick, by Potentate R. G. Carson and other officers of Luxor Temple, and escorted to the Admiral Beatty Hotel. At 9:00 P. M. the

Imperial received the local Nobles informally. The next day came a long morning drive under official auspices, luncheon at the Wayside Inn at Hampton, an address at 5:00 P. M. to Nobles in the Masonic Temple, and a buffet supper in the Temple. The visitors received appropriate gifts—Noble Jones an amethyst ring, Mrs. Cochran roses, Nobles Cochran and Appleton cigarette cases. A large crowd saw them off later in the evening.

October 2nd was spent in Montreal as guests of Karnak Temple. One of the Shrine Hospitals is there, and the local press made big stories of Imperial Potentate Jones's statement before the Rotary Club that there are 400,000 crippled children in North America, with annual increases of 12,000.

Scores of Montreal Shriners were present, led by Potentate T. H. Flett. The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company gave a very stimulating musical program.

The Imperial Potentate was unable to keep to schedule and witness a special Ceremonial by Cairo Temple in Rutland, Vermont, on October 4th. He was called suddenly to New York, but Nobles Tom Curry and Bob McNally stepped into the breach and gave him a fast motor trip to Rutland for a brief stay on the 3rd. He gave the glad hand to scores of Cairo members and expressed regret over missing the Ceremonial and clambake. He was presented with a slab of Vermont marble, bearing carved in relief the great seal of Vermont and an appropriate inscription.

The Imperial Potentate visited Sphinx Temple, of Hartford, Connecticut, on October 8th, accompanied by Past Imperial Potentate Con Dykeman of Kismet in Brook-

lyn, Nobles Cochran, James Watt, George Hende and Dr. Hatt of Springfield. Potentate Solomon of Palestine, Potentate Knox and Divan of Pyramid Temple, Potentate Pease and Divan of Melha. Dinner at the Hotel Bond was given by Potentate Norman C. Stevens and his Divan. Then came a theatre party, followed by dancing in the Bond, with an attendance of 600 Shriners and their ladies. The Imperial received a Colt's revolver as a souvenir of Hartford, where that make of firearm is a local product.

On October 9th the Imperial Potentate reached Bridgeport, Connecticut, to see the Nobles of Pyramid Temple. Instead of the customary Ceremonial a banquet was held at the Hotel Stratfield. The 100 guests included Potentate Knox and several Past Potentates.

Noble Jones then went to Los Angeles to sit with the Hotel Committee over allotments for the Imperial Council sessions next June. There was a wait of nearly three hours on October 12th in New Orleans, which city he entered in the company of Imperial Chief Rabban Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial Recorder James H. Price, and Potentate Henry C. Ozley and Chief Rabban Eugene

[SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 48] the Rahn committee recommended an additional donation of \$5,000. Morocco Temple gave \$1,000, the Blue Lodges of Jacksonville \$2,500, the Grand Lodge of Florida \$5,000. There were many other Craft contributions, including \$1,000 from the California Grand Commandery.

In the case of Noble Stout, Florida National Guard commander of the troops that maintained order and began rehabilitation work in the Belle Glade area, 45 miles west of West Palm Beach, Noble Rahn mentioned in a private statement that his home was wiped out in the disaster of 1926 and now his new one is gone. Nevertheless, Captain Stout answered the summons to military emergency duty at the moment that his home was in danger, and which later was destroyed.

Noble and Illustrious James H. Price, Imperial Recorder of the Mystic Shrine, was elected and installed Grand Generalissimo of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar of Virginia, on October 26th.

Noble Price, an attorney, who has served several terms in the Virginia House of Burgesses, is Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M., of Virginia, having served two terms. He is also Past Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter, Royal Arch Masons of Virginia.

Brigadier General Vivian Collins, Adjutant General of Florida, is highly commended in the report to the Imperial Potentate of Noble Rahn on the Florida storm relief situation.

Noble Collins was made a Master Mason by Plant City Lodge No. 79 in 1905. He was Master of it for two terms of one year each. And for two years he was Eminent Commander of the Plant City Commandery.

He is a 32 degree Scottish Rite Mason, and in 1921 was created a Knight Commander of the Court of Honor, Southern Jurisdiction.

Morocco Temple, of Jacksonville, accepted him into the Mystic Shrine in 1906, but now he is a member of Egypt Temple.

As Adjutant General of Florida, his headquarters are located in St. Augustine.

Noble David Davis has the distinction of having been the Director of El Koran Chanters of Syrian Temple, Cincinnati, for 41 years without missing a single rehearsal,

J. Reed of Zamora Temple of Birmingham, Alabama. They were welcomed by Potentate Ernest E. Sykes, Chief Rabban Fred Perkins and Recorder Frank J. Herman. The Imperial promised to make an official pilgrimage to Jerusalem, New Orleans a little later.

In Los Angeles the Imperial Potentate and other notables who had been called to the city on convention preliminaries witnessed a big Ceremonial in Al Malaikah Mosque, Oct. 15th, which, among many other attractions, has the largest moving picture auditorium in the world.

On October 19th the Imperial and several members of his staff went to San Diego, where Al Bahr Temple gave a reception in honor of Noble Jones at the Hotel del Coronado, where he was quartered. He was accompanied by Imperial Deputy Potentate Youngworth, Imperial Rabban Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial Recorder James H. Price and Imperial Treasurer James C. Burger.

Upon arrival from Los Angeles, the Imperial party was met by the Al Bahr Divan and escorted to Agua Caliente for luncheon. The reception was in the early evening, followed by a formal ball attended by several hundred.

Ceremonial, service or concert in which his unit has taken part, and without having been a minute late in keeping his appointments. Who can beat this record, or rank with but after it? In Wales he was Associate Director of the Aberystwyth University Oratorio Society, and for many years he has been conducting his own school of the voice in Cincinnati.

Noble Frank W. Atherton of Moslem, of Detroit, won the Sir Lawrence Weaver Trophy for obtaining the largest number of exhibitors at the recent international advertising exposition staged by the Adcraft Club of Detroit in conjunction with the convention of the International Advertising Association.

AN APPEAL TO EVERY SHRINER

One of the noblest ideas developed at the 1928 Miami Imperial Council session was the promise of the Shrine Musical Directors' Association of North America to build convalescent homes throughout Shrinedom through the agency of money raised by Shrine musical body concerts.

Already several Temples have sent in the proceeds derived from their concerts. Many Temples, standing firmly behind their musical bodies, have signified their willingness to present a concert within the next few weeks, and are only awaiting the proper moment to "put it over."

As Treasurer of this Convalescent Home Fund, I entreat each and every subordinate Temple in North America to help its musical bodies in the successful promulgation of such a beautiful plan.

Convalescent homes are sorely needed as additions to each of our hospitals.

The Convalescent Home will multiply by three or four the number of healthy and happy children released by our wonderful units. The poor children, with their deformed, crippled bodies, their tremulous lips and souls a quiver to be taken into the Miracle Palaces of the Shrine Men so that they may again play "like other kids," are now waiting months and years today for their great event.

Let's Hurry!!! Let's go!!! Let's open the miracle doors wider than they are now!!!

Your chanters, band, Oriental band and drum corps need only the word of your Temple to start them on their convalescent home concert or entertainment.

May Allah be with you and bless you for [Shrine News Continued on page 64]

You'll Prefer ROSE MARIE PERFECTOS

to any 15c cigar you've ever smoked
and you can buy them for only

4c each

How can we afford to sell you these Imported, Hand-Made, Long-Filler cigars at such an unheard-of price—is a natural question for you to ask. Here are the reasons.

Because the tobacco is grown in the celebrated Cagayan Valley. Here lands are much less in value and nature supplies the fertilizer. The annual saving is about \$200 per acre.

Because "Rose Marie Perfectos" are Import tax free. The regular duty is about 16c each for same size—made in Havana.

\$4.00
per 100
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Because low living expenses in the Philippines reduces the cost of production approximately 65%—compared with American countries.

Because we are Direct Importers and are able to save you another 50%—the profits which go to jobbers and retailers.

Because we are anxious to win more new friends for "Rose Marie Perfectos." Satisfied customers mean repeat orders. Only then do we reap a satisfactory margin of profits. This repeat business grows day by day.

Try Them at Our Expense

We will send you 100 "Rose Marie Perfectos" for only \$4.00 plus a few cents postage. The authorized retail price is \$8.00 per 100. You save \$4.00. So smoke 10 on us. Forget the price. Judge them on the taste and the pleasure they give you. If you are not 100% satisfied, send the other 90 back. And without any "ifs," "ands" or "buts" we will cheerfully refund your \$4.00. What a difference "Rose Maries" will make in your smoking budget. Order this very day. Simply mail the coupon.

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Send me 100 "Rose Marie Perfecto" Cigars. I will pay postman \$4.00 plus postage. It is agreed that if the first 10 are not satisfactory I may return the other 90 and get back my \$4 without question. (Mild—? Medium—? Strong—?) Check preference.

NOTE—If you will send check or M. O. you will prevent delays and save 12c C. O. D. charges. If you are east of Pittsburgh, remit \$4.25 (\$4 plus 25c postage). If west of Pittsburgh, remit \$4.40.

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Have You Some Troublesome Ailment?

You will be greatly surprised when you learn how Infra-Red Rays relieve congestion or troubles causing aches and pains in the body. The Campbell Infra-Red Ray Lamp concentrates a mild beam of Infra-Red Rays upon any part of the body.

These rays penetrate deeply into the tissues. As they penetrate they create an active circulation of the blood. Most ailments are due to congestion—relieve the congestion and you relieve the ailment. Nature herself does the healing by active, normal blood circulation.

Why Suffer Needless Pain?

If you or some one in your home have a troublesome ailment, a lamp like this is a blessing. May be used safely by anyone. Entirely unlike ultra-violet or X-Ray. Positively cannot sunburn or blister.

Relieve bronchial trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sinus trouble, Catarrh, head noises, Asthma, Ear trouble, Rheumatism, Hemorrhoids, Prostatitis, Gall-Bladder, Tonsillitis, Lumbago and many other ailments with soothing Infra-Red Rays.

Let Us Send You Our Book on Infra-Red Rays

We have an interesting book on the use of Infra-Red Rays which we shall be glad to send free to any reader upon request. Our book quotes leading authorities as well as users of our lamp. Full directions for use, how to order, our home trial offer, etc., are also explained.

Infra-Red Rays have brought such wonderful results for others you are sure to be interested. Write today for our book telling more about it.

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SAIL THAT CLIPPER! [Continued from page 30]

breathed the Artist, all his soul in his eyes as he gazed at a purple and gold bank in the west.

"Is it North Rock?" the skipper bawled. If it was, his navigation was out full twenty miles; and the skipper was rather touchy on his navigation. It was about the only thing he was touchy about.

"No! There's a fog down there, right ahead, and I guess it fooled me," the Bucko answered, starting to come down a backstay.

"There is something down there!" the Bucko shouted, halting in his descent. A moment later: "It's a sail! A sail on the starboard bow! Now it's gone! Haze is thickening!" And yet a moment later: "There's another! Sail-ho! A schooner, abeam to port! And an— The haze cut me off!" And he slid down to the deck, shouting for food.

"Just a minute, and I'll have the finest chili con carne you ever tasted! Fried spuds, too!" Long John shouted back.

"It is a pretty sunset, isn't it?" the skipper said.

All night the calm ruled the sea level as a floor. There was no flash of light to reveal the expected lighthouse on Gibbs Hill. But the skipper was not worrying about that now. He was not worrying at all, except because of boats that had got in before the calm. Anything that had not got in already was in a similar predicament as the schooner; but there was no danger from reefs as long as there was no wind, for the current in that place set away from the islands. So the gramophone was started, for the first time, and music trickled out over the calm sea. After an hour of it, the Bucko Mate poked his head through the companionway to say:

"There's a terrible squall making up! How about the light rags?"

The crew tumbled up. The skipper with forethought chucked the gramophone into his bunk and closed his skylight. Then the rain came down! Straight bayonets of rain that thudded and drummed on the deck and drenched men in thirty seconds as they fumbled with ropes to get the makeshift sails down. Rain, rain, rain! Scuppers streaming. Decks thrumming. Sails turning into foam with sheer weight of water. The moon blotted out and the night rendered smoky with hissing steam from the cool rain on the warm sea. Men fighting furiously to gather in wet canvas, because the Bucko Mate chanted that old seagoing gag:

"If the rain comes 'fore the wind
Tawps'l sheets and halliards mind!"

But there was no wind. Not a breath of air reached the sea level after that cloudburst fell. The rain passed. The moon shone again. The sea lay shimmering and placid. The schooner even stopped rolling, and lay on the glassy surface like a model stuck in polished blue cement.

"Whistle for a wind, somebody!" growled Long John. Nobody whistled. But the skipper, burdened with the duty of keeping his men up to pitch in case a breeze came, raised his muzzle and gave throat to a salty old deepwater forebitter:

"Blow the wintry breezes, blow the winds
heigh-ho!
Clear away the morning dew, and blow my
bully boys blow!"

The wind was not blowing. The dawn came like a rose blush seen through a mist; for a haze spread all around the horizon and the sea lay unruffled. And noon came

around again, with no sign of wind. Just for a few minutes the horizon cleared; but not ahead. There was neither sail nor island to be seen. And this was a race! A race begun in a fog, with no wind! With every variety of weather between start and finish. The fog again.

"Oh well, anything that didn't get in before yesterday noon is still outside," the skipper remarked cheerfully. He did not feel cheerful, for the time was flying even if the schooner was not; and the faster boats were undoubtedly well up toward the finish line even though they might be becalmed, and a very short spell of a breeze would carry them in, while the schooner, blow as it might, would take six hours at least. But all evil, as all good, must come to an end. At three o'clock a light air stirred the idle sails, and lifted the haze ahead. The moment the schooner began to move, the Bucko Mate scampered aloft with the glasses, and presently sang out:

"Sail-ho! Dead ahead! Another one a bit to the eastward!"

"Stay up there, and try to pick up North Rock," the skipper ordered, and from that moment the race was on again in fine earnest.

"Lift that stays'l sheet a bit! That's good! Watch your steering, Artist! Give her a bit more mainsheet, John! That'll do! Aloft there! See North Rock yet?"

"Not sure. Both sails have disappeared. It's thick ahead. There's more wind a-coming."

By four o'clock the schooner was buzzing along with leetle under, every stitch crackling, the sea roaring alongside, and the skipper anxious for the reefs. There was still a haze over the islands; but the breeze was fast reaching it. At four-fifteen the schooner's reckoning placed her within a mile of North Rock, and still no word from aloft. It was an anxious moment. Truly it was a race; but Bermuda reefs are no respecters of racers, and to rush toward them at eight knots when the reckoning showed the ship almost on top of them was the work either of a fool or a miracle man. The skipper was no miracle man; he hated to be thought a fool; but—

"Here's North Rock close to, a point to starboard! Bear away!" roared the Bucko, and started to slide down.

"Off that mainsheet!" yelled the skipper. "Let her go off, Artist! D'y'e see it? See the Rock?"

"There it is! Right there!" roared Long John, pointing to a filmy, spidery ghost rising out of the water with a smother of foam about it. The skipper got a bearing of it by compass, darted to the chart, set a new course along the reefs, and returned to the deck with all his anxieties lifted.

"Give me the log reading, Bucko. We're all right now!"

"By Glory! That's what I call navigating!" quoth Long John. "How about finishing the emergency, skipper? Celebrate, like?"

"Help yourselves," grinned the skipper. "I'll have mine when I've brought the ship in."

As the hour drew nigh to sunset, and the haze began to lift, every eye was looking for sails. The finish line lay only a few miles away. After losing sight of the North Rock, until the lights came on, there was nothing to see except when, cutting courses too near, the boiling of surf over some outlying head of reef was detected. It was uncanny, sailing at racing speed through invisibility with grinning fangs of rock so close to windward that the suck and sob of the breakers could be distinctly heard.

"There's St. David's Head Light!" the

Bucko Mate sang out. The steady white eye blazed almost abeam. And as if that had been a signal, the haze vanished like magic.

"There they go! One, two, three sail, making like greased skates for the line!"

Then the mellow night settled down, and the sails were lost in darkness. Only the faint glimmer of North Rock light far back, and the big, steady light of St. David's ahead broke the velvety blackness. The moon would not be up until midnight. But the breeze was strong, and the seas smooth. The schooner flashed through the water like a thing of life, the skipper himself at the helm.

"There's a sail closing abeam! Just caught the flash of her side light!" said the Bucko, quietly. There was no need to roar now. Every man of the four set or stood by some rope which might have to be handled, tense with the onrush of the vessel, still hoping that the schooner might save her time allowance. The Artist stepped below to get some coffee; and as he handed the skipper his cup, he said:

"She's leaking again, skipper."

"Much?"

"Over the floor."

"All right. Go forward and chuck water all over the tackle. That'll tighten it up. Better pump her too, unless you fellows want me to take sail off her."

"Take—? Come on, boys! Pump or perish! Take sail off her? Try it!"

Abeam rushed a dark shape touched with a tiny green glow. There was a racer too. The line of shimmering foam along her side could be clearly seen. Voices aboard her could be heard. Ahead blazed the light. Abeam on the weather side the breakers roared. And the skipper, steering, cheered his crew at the pumps with an old wind-jammer chantey that went ringing across the sea.

"Oh Sally Brown was a bright mulatto,
Way, hay, roll and go!"

Two miles ahead a Coston light suddenly flared out; two reds and a green.

"There's one of 'em across!" the skipper called down to the pumps. "Come and get a pull on the sheets all around. Never mind the pumps. She's too near to sink now!"

The dark shape abeam was forging ahead. She was coming in closer as she drew in towards the line. The roar of her bow-wave could be heard. Her people's voices, too.

"Bit more on that mainsheet!" And the two craft plunged on side by side.

"Get out our Coston signal!" the skipper said, quietly. "Take the wheel, somebody."

Going below, the skipper verified the bearing of the finishing line, in case the committee boat was off station, and returned to race his ship in. The craft racing alongside was still vague in the darkness; but she was a schooner, and seemed to be a bigger one than the Gauntlet. Time would be saved on that one, anyhow.

Now the high headland of St. David's could be seen, and the answering signal from the lighthouse checking the finishing yacht across. The reefs thundered abreast. White water seethed so near that it was terrifying to anybody strange to Bermuda waters. And the schooner abeam was closing in. She had ceased forging ahead. So neck and neck they charged for the line, in black darkness, with the reefs boiling just over the rail. Then the lights of the committee boat winked out, and the tall shape of the yacht that had just finished loomed up a bit to seaward, waiting for a pilot to take her up the channel.

"Keep off! We're on top of the reefs!" the skipper shouted [Continued on page 60]



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SAIL THAT CLIPPER!

[Continued from page 59]

to the racing craft alongside, whose bow wave now ran into the schooner's wake.

A swift quarter of a mile, with a sudden gust of fresh wind that put the rails under, and the close antagonist drew ahead to burn her flare two minutes before Gauntlet set hers off. Dark shapes. Dancing lights. Cheering voices. Little boats appearing from nowhere like imps coming from a cavern.

"Well done, Gauntlet!" bellowed a sonorous negro voice from a small boat. "There's plenty mo' ahint yo', an' yo' saved yo' time on most o' dem that's in!"

"That's old Early Bird, my old boatman," the skipper said, deftly steering his schooner clear of what seemed to be a swarm of craft suddenly appearing.

"Want a pilot, cap'n?" a voice sang out musically. And another chimed in, laughingly. "Don' yo' know dat's ol' Gauntlet, man? Dat boat find her own way in. How do, cap'n. Yo' want a boat to 'tend yo'?"

"We'll slip into St. George's, anchor, and sleep, boys," the skipper said when the schooner was clear of the crowd. "You may not win any medals, but you can tell your friends back home that you surely sailed a darn good race. I'm proud of you."

"I saved a little emergency, skipper," Long John said, with a shining countenance. "Shall I save it until we hear how we came out on time?"

"We'll not worry about how we came out, my lad. The race is the thing! We'll drink to a race well run, whether won or lost."

A FORTHRIGHT PERTINACITY

[Continued from page 21]

Joe understood then that his identity had not been established with the girl. "This is Mr. Hatch," he announced. "From down to Big Smoky, you remember!"

Apparently her memory was perfect; she opened the door suddenly and confronted Mr. Hatch in exactly the same tense attitude of disapproval as when she had last seen him.

"Well, come in," she told him, "and sit down. Make yourself real comfortable while I tell you what I think of you!"

She punctuated this by slamming the door and throwing the wooden latch, after Joe had entered. Then she proceeded under a full head of steam:

"Of all the mean, underhanded ways anybody ever took to persecute a girl, yours is the most contemptible! To go and just cold-bloodedly and deliberately make her life a misery, after pretending so much to be a gentleman, too!"

"What?" demanded Joe. He meant every word of it.

"You know what," Miss Bradley enlightened him. "This setting your big baboon, Athabasca Red, on me. I must say it's a fine business; taking advantage of a person that's afflicted, when you know Red's not a bit more than half-witted! Of course that suits you all right, long as he does what he's told. But I'd—"

"What?" Joe tried again.

"Oh, what?" she mimicked him. "As if you don't know he's been simply scaring people away from here all spring. Even my nicest friends from all over the country—Why, Roy Thomas came all the way down from Saskatoon and led another horse on purpose to take me riding, and what happened? This old Red comes right over and while I was in here putting on my divided skirt, Red said something to Roy and Roy just lit out!"

"I never see any— [Continued on page 61]



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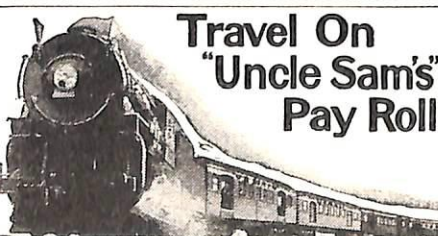
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body hardly," she went on, "and I suppose that pleases you! All your old Red Whiskers does is grin and say it's for my good he does it. I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself! Anyhow, I wrote my brother Ed that's a sergeant in the Police, to see if it's against the law to put afflicted people up to things. If it is I'm going to have you arrested," she concluded.

"Why, did Red—? Is he—?"
"Go on, choke on it!" she urged him. "You ought to. And I am not certain he didn't even threaten me once. He came over and measured me with a long stick; how tall I was and how high I could reach and everything. If that isn't threatening, I don't know what is, because no telling what he'd have done if I hadn't let him! And he keeps making slurs on this cabin and brags about what a one he's building for you. I hope it burns down!"

She stared wrathfully at him then, waiting for the first excuse or defense of his to stick up its head. There could be no question but she meant to stamp on it instantly. Joe returned the stare. He even swallowed a couple of times and cleared his throat, but beyond that he was unable to venture. It had suddenly become clear to him that, in the face of Athabasca Red's unbelievably pudding-headed behavior, he had nothing adequate to say. But he still tried.

"God, woman!" he burst out. "You don't need to think I put him up to it! You won't believe it, but Red's treated me a lot worse'n he has you in a way. Course I'm goin' to kill him for this, but what good'll it do? An' I came over here a purpose to help you, too! I heard some of these darn homesteaders was offerin' to get fresh to you an' I hurried over. I was goin' to give you my gun for p'tection! Don't that prove it? Here!" He fished out the ponderous Betsy and proffered her. "She's a single action—you got to cock her first—but I guess a good look'll be enough for anybody."

"Well, I'll be glad to keep it out of your hands," Miss Bradley replied. "But I don't need it. Goodness knows there's been others thought what it means to be living here alone, if you haven't. Look at what's been brought me already!"

She brushed back a curtain that hung across one corner of the room and permitted Joe the sight of an extensive arsenal of weapons already at hand. They ranged from the broken handle of a peavey to an automatic rifle that must have cost somebody the price of a good horse.

Indeed, there seemed to be no decent place for Joe's gun till the girl had found a nail on the clock-shelf and while Joe looked on in horror, had hammered it expertly into the log wall with Betsy's ivory-mounted butt.

"It looks good there," she admitted, "and long as I've got it you won't ever go to jail for threatening somebody with it. But I won't take back what I said and I don't believe a word you said, either. So you might just as well go before you start telling me another one."

Now the sight of all those lethal instruments in the girl's possession had not given Joe any pleasure. But when she had calmly announced her acceptance of his Betsy—the gift of his pride and the half of his soul, in fact—without in turn confiding her trust in his honor and rectitude, then that was too durned much! He leapt to his feet and scowled openly, at the poor defenseless girl.

"Oh, you don't believe me, uh?"
"No," she retorted, "I don't!"
"Gimme back my gun, then. Anybody that can't tell a gentleman when they see one, can get along 'thout my help! An' I don't need any womenfolks keepin' me outta trouble, neither. Give 'er here!"

"I won't," she told him defiantly. "Now I'm tryin' to be peaceable," Joe warned her, "but if—"
Fortunately he was prevented from delivering the dignified ultimatum that was on his tongue; a sharp knocking sounded at the cabin door.

"Who is it?" the Bradley girl inquired. "Why, it's me, sweetness! Who was you expectin'?"
There was an offensive familiarity to both the words and music of this answer and Joe Hatch was gratified to note the girl's reaction. Any trifling indication of displeasure she had ever shown toward him was nothing to the fine red rage that now possessed her. Motioning Joe to keep silent, she went near the door and fairly stabbed the lance of her fury through it.

"I'm never expecting you, smartie," she told the unseen caller. "And if you don't take your sack of flour and beat it away from here for good, you'll get your neck broke!"

"Now sweetness," the voice reproved her, "don't get so wild on a hot day like this. You know I'd love to have you break my neck. Any time! Open the door—"

"Get out!"
"Still mad at me, uh? That's too bad! A nice feller like me and a nice little gal like you ought to get along fine. Well, anyhow pass me out my sack of flour and the package of 'east cakes I left here, will you? An' I'll break a neck or two next time your ole man comes around for a guzzle at my permit. Laps up two bottles and little daughter's gonna bake me some bread for it, see? Now I gotta raise a row to get my flour back!"

"I put your flour outside," she told him. "Take it and go."

"Say, don't try to bluff me, chicken. I got eyes; it's not out here nor no 'east cakes, either! An' I want 'em, see, or I'm goin' to kick this door in and get 'em. Can't no pint-sized false alarm beat me out of flour and 'east cakes, too. Come on, open up!"

This was becoming much too good an opportunity for Joe Hatch to lose in view of the low opinion the girl had just expressed of him. She didn't believe him, uh? Well just stand back and give him room and see whether he was a gentleman or not! He swept the small Bradley girl aside in spite of her protests and snatched open the door.

"Who," he demanded of the stranger confronting him, "do you think you're makin' all them remarks to, anyway?"

He stepped out of the doorway to permit the obnoxious person an edifying view of his size and bearing. And the Bradley girl promptly closed and locked the door behind him.

"Oh?" said the stranger with a leer. "I didn't know you was in there, buddy. 'Scuse me, see? I wouldn't think of ruffin' the wren when her fair-haired boy's got a date. 'Scuse me! I'm only out my sack of flour an' a package of 'east cakes, but I'll get 'em later when she's cooled off some. So long, uh?"

He smirked again at Joe Hatch and turned away.

Joe assumed that his mere appearance had awed the boisterous party and was just beginning to regret the easy triumph when a large white object sailed past his head and struck the departing one between his shoulder-blades. The object was actually a sack of flour of forty-eight pounds guaranteed net weight.

Such a missile, when heartily flung, is not without a considerable striking power. It struck the unsuspecting stranger flatly to the earth and lay there on his back till he rolled over and sat up. He gave Joe Hatch a sharp look [Continued on page 62]

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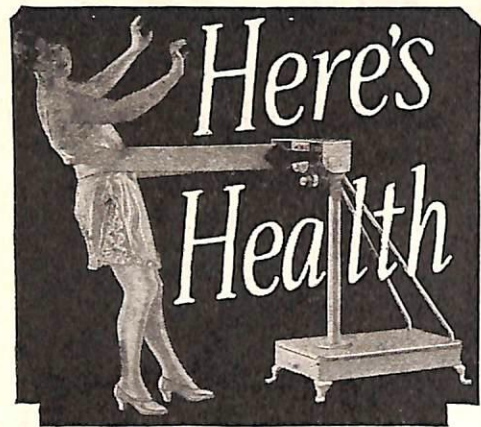
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20-A FORTHRIGHT PERTINACITY

[Continued from page 61]

and said: "Oh? A little sand-baggin' trick, uh?"

"That's prob'ly your flour," Joe told him, vaguely under the impression that the Bradley girl must have flung it, improbable as that appeared.

"Yeah, it's mine all right." He rose to his feet and came quite close to Joe Hatch, his thumbs engaging the arm-holes of his vest. "But look here, feller," he said to Joe, and continued to gaze steadily at him. "What?" said Joe.

"This!" replied the stranger. Thereupon he bounced a fist with great vigor and accuracy against the extreme end of Joe Hatch's nose. His action in so doing was perfectly reasonable; he believed that Joe had slugged him between the shoulder-blades with the fifty-pound sack of flour.

It may be said in Joe's defense that such a trick was beyond him, on the ground of physical incapacity. Athabasca Red did the dirty work. He had entered the Bradley cabin by its back door, bearing the flour in his hand; had eased the front door open despite the girl's resistance and after putting the heavy shot over Joe's shoulder, had quietly closed it.

In developing some detail of his one idea, Red had swiped that sack of flour from in front of the cabin, a few minutes before. With it he had departed hurriedly toward the cabin of the fresh Mr. Waters, previously dealt with in Red's reproaches. By sheerest good fortune, he saw that person approaching Bradley-ward and falling in behind, trailed him back to that place.

His action in throwing the flour is explained by the fact that Red was practically itching for a fight. After closing the door and locking it he applied an eye to the parted window curtains and examined the proceeds of his move with lively interest. This was the fight Red was itching for.

The fist-bouncing incident had stirred Joe Hatch greatly. With his first shock of horrified amazement, he danced expertly about to bring his body into a perpendicular relation with his head. Then, feeling the warm, sticky flow of blood creeping down over his upper lip Joe gave way to a deep sense of anger. He clutched at his waistband and had a moment of acute regret to find no Betsy bulging there. But suddenly he was inspired to attempt a conversion without her aid and lashed out lustily at his assailant.

He aimed hopefully at the spot where his opponent's face was last seen. It was his misfortune, however, that the face had changed its location before his fist arrived, so that Joe was swung into a cross-legged pose by his own momentum. In this position it was comparatively easy for the other man to clout him to a prone attitude on the ground, which he promptly did. This was Joe's first down, with a great many more to go. He arose with the full determination to be less accommodating in future. They mixed it briskly thereafter.

Now that the fight is well started, with no likelihood of anyone's volunteering to part them, it may be of interest to examine a compressed horoscope of Joe's opponent. He was a loutish, yeggish individual who betrayed the coarseness of his nature by the pleasure he took in brutally damaging Joe Hatch's face.

From the considerable efficiency of his movements, it appeared that Mr. Waters was not unfamiliar with fist-fighting engagements. But for all his professional posturing at the start of his argument with Joe Hatch, there was not the aspect of a proper athlete about Mr. Waters. He ran far too much to flab where good gristly muscle should have been. [Continued on page 63]

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It is not purposed, here, to render any swat-by-swat account of the battle between Joe Hatch and Mr. Waters. For one thing, it was too one-sided. It is sufficient to note that when Joe was knocked down for the tenth or fifteenth time, his anger had greatly abated. It was at about this time also that Joe spat out a front tooth which appeared to be of no further use to him.

And it was somewhere near that time that Joe began unconsciously to modify the mode of his attack. Till then his fighting had been patterned on the windmill school of fisticuffs. By the use of full-arm swings revolving at the rate of several hundred a minute, Joe had originally reckoned to drive his opponent feet-first into the rich loamy soil beneath him. The difficulty he encountered in doing so was from the constant interruption of being knocked down instead.

Presently he deviated from this routine. Now, when arising from the ground he would hesitate and focus his vision on Mr. Waters as nearly as the state of his eye-holes would permit. With his course properly charted and checked, Joe would lower his head and charge valiantly in that direction with both fists extended before him. Probably in the hope of impaling Mr. Waters on one of them. This change of tactics did nothing to interrupt the succession of knockdowns, but having chosen it as his way, Joe stubbornly refused to recognize its obvious weaknesses.

The condition of Mr. Waters had been for the most part fairly satisfactory. He found no great difficulty in picking out punchable spots during Joe's windmilling period, though he did, in truth, stop a few fairly hot ones with the top of his head. When Joe shifted to the mad-bull system Waters found the picking even better; he could step aside and sock Joe on the fly, so to speak, without incurring any risk to his person. Except for the heat which was now beginning to trouble him, Mr. Waters would probably have had a very pleasant Sunday afternoon.

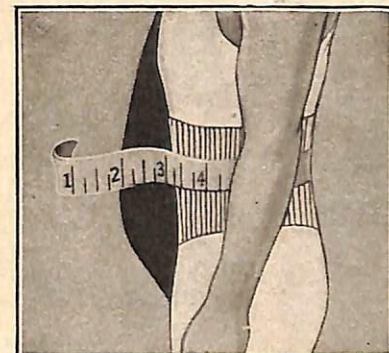
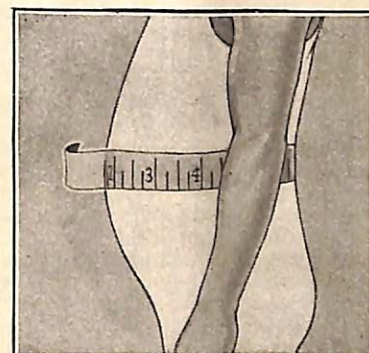
The brilliant northern sun and the high tight collar of Mr. Waters' jersey sweater were, in fact, the only assistance that Joe Hatch received. Being young and lank Joe had plenty of time and wind, even if he were otherwise destitute of fighting qualities.

The end of the first half hour found Mr. Waters panting wheezily and growing annoyed with Joe Hatch for his unnatural persistence. He mentally damned the tight collar of his jersey for its gentle pressure against his throat and wondered why he couldn't lay one on the button and make a job of it.

The end of it held nothing of drama or surprise. Despite the conservation of his energy, Mr. Waters puffed and labored with his breathing and found himself slipping behind on each breath. He set himself for one last desperate swipe as Joe Hatch came in again. But from the groggy uncertainty of Joe's advance, Waters missed his connection. He thus threw his own legs into a twist as Joe had done. But there was at hand no alert adversary to smite him sprawling as Joe was smit. Waters was obliged to knock himself out by becoming entangled in his own feet and falling limply to the ground.

Punch-drunk and battered though he was, Joe Hatch did not fail to notice that omission of Mr. Waters' customary sock. He boggled to a stop at about the spot where it usually met him, and waited. Hearing the gasping noises at his feet, Joe understood, vaguely, that the winds of fortune had shifted. He groped blindly about to locate his prostrate foe. [Continued on page 64]

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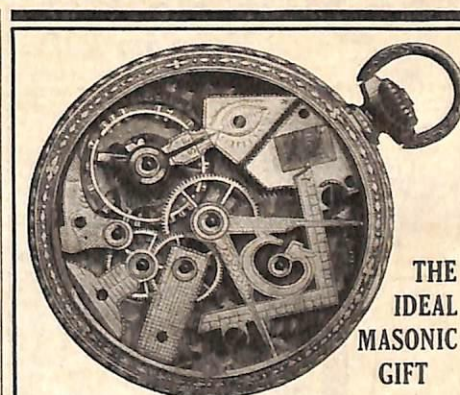
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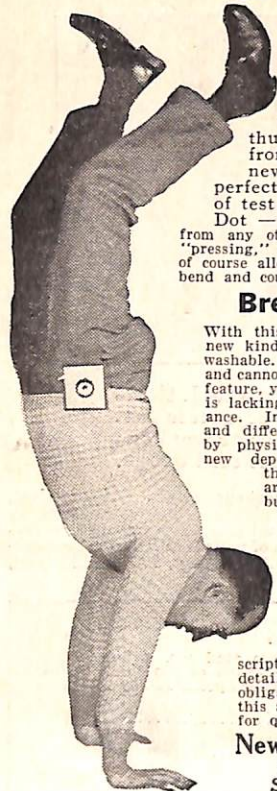
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A FORTHRIGHT PERTINACITY

[Continued from page 63]

man and seated himself heavily on the Waters' stomach. Then, in a wearied and spiritless manner he set in to beat delicious delights out of that person's features.

Under instructions from the Bradley girl, Athabasca Red had previously gone to the well and fetched a fresh bucket of cold water. When Joe Hatch had fought himself to a standstill, Red came up and gathered him tenderly into his arms and carried him into the house. There his wounds were bathed in cold water and an internal application of diluted alcohol was made which presently restored Joe to a semblance of consciousness. Apart from the frying noises in his head he became aware of voices and soon Athabasca Red was identified in speech. "Didn't worry me for a minute!" he was saying. "Soon's I saw Joe start to rushin' him, I knew he had him licked."

"Well, go on outside and tend to things," Miss Bradley ordered. "You've raised Cain enough for one day."

With the same thoughtful attention to details that had marked his part in the whole affair, Red collected the sack of flour in one hand and the unconscious Mr. Waters in the other and departed from the scene. In the shade of an adjacent cluster of scrub, he deposited the one in a semi-sitting position and placed the other carefully across its lap. From his pocket he drew the missing package of 'east cakes and laid it carefully on top. Dusting his hands, Red stepped back to observe the group. "You done real well," he remarked and started back to the cabin.

The mists of obscurity lifted at last from Joe Hatch's mind and he discovered himself to be possessed of an imperturbable assurance and calm. He had licked a man! He had done it! Ventured forth with gallant purpose for a lady's sake and beat the immortal stuffings out of her annoyers. Done

it single-handed, too, and nothing in the world was better than just that. Why, Hell's big pickaxe, he was free! That was it; he was crammed full of character and purpose and manhood. He could do or say anything he blamed please hereafter and be right there to back it up. Pertinaciousness, that was the key to destiny and he was all broke out with it.

There came to him suddenly the wish to put this revelation to a definitely pragmatic test.

"C'm 'ere!" he croaked, reaching out a hand.

The Bradley girl placed her toy-sized flipper in his and said: "What is it?"

"Si' down!" he ordered, and with a decisive yank he caused her to be seated on his knee. He heard her inhale deeply to gain volume for her protest and he promptly squeezed her speechless.

"Be still now, and keep on bein'! I'm fixin' up to marry you soon's I get around to it an' I don't want to hear any jawin'!" "Oh!" said the Bradley girl, and she wriggled comfortably on Joe Hatch's lap as if that were altogether different.

Athabasca Red stood a long time outside the cabin, listening. When the silence seemed too permanent, he applied an inquiring eye around the edge of the door jamb and saw what there was to see. Joe Hatch rested one side of his battered face on top of her red head. He was temporarily blinded anyhow and likely fast asleep. The girl on his lap was sitting quite at ease and gazing straight at Red, her blue eyes round as china saucers.

Red looked directly into them without rousing a gleam of recognition. Then he turned away.

"That's just the way I figgered," he declared.

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 57]

the support of your musical bodies in their beautiful mission.

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The gift of Shrinedom's Musical Bodies. Yours in the True Faith,
JULIUS P. HEIL,
Treasurer of Convalescent Home Fund,
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KAABA IS 50 YEARS OLD

Davenport, Iowa, welcomed 3,500 Shriners of Iowa and Illinois on October 18th, the occasion being the 50th anniversary of Kaaba Temple. The highest ranking Noble present was Illustrious and Imperial Sir Earl C. Mills, of Za-Ga-Zig Temple, Des Moines, Imperial High Priest and Prophet. In four years, if all goes well, Noble Mills will be Imperial Potentate of the Order, Iowa's first Imperial Potentate since Edwin I. Alderman of El Kahir, Cedar Rapids, reigned from July 15th, 1908 to June 9th, 1909.

Nobles poured in from Za-Ga-Zig, and El Kahir in Iowa and Mohammed and Tebala in Illinois.

Potentate F. D. Scribner, his Divan and special committees had uniformed bodies meet each delegation, and the street parades in consequence were many and varied. Daylight fireworks lent an impressive touch, and so did the concerts from the steps of the Masonic Temple.

The banquet preceding the Ceremonial was served to 3,000 Nobles and the Ceremonial itself was held before an audience that taxed the capacity of the auditorium.

Kaaba was the first Temple west of Ohio.

LOS ANGELES PLANS GLORIOUS CONVENTION

[Continued from page 61]
with many Shriners and their families aboard.

The hotels of Los Angeles will afford lodging accommodations of the best for every one. Only those who visit Los Angeles frequently have any conception of how the building of hotels of the finest type keeps pace with the demand that constantly increasing numbers of visitors be cared for each year. In 1925, 4000 rooms were reserved for visiting Shriners. Already 6000 rooms have been reserved for 1929 and more will be available before the convocation.

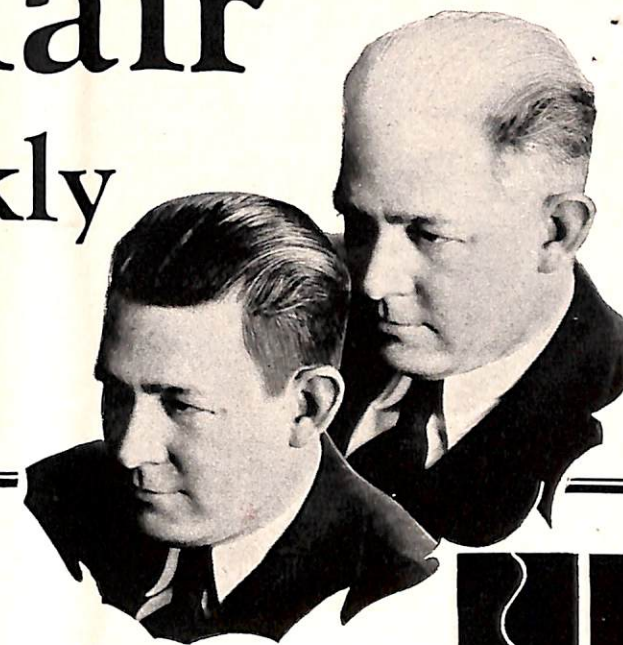
Conventionists who have not been in Los Angeles since 1925 cannot for a moment think that they are to come back to the same city. A difference of four years in Los Angeles is a difference measurable only by Los Angeles dimensions and achievements. Things that were being planned in Los Angeles four years ago are among things finished now.

Recognizing the setting at hand and the materials with which they have to work, the officials of Al Malaikah Temple are overlooking nothing to insure that the session shall be in every way the greatest Shrine event of the kind that has ever been held.

The presentation there promises to be such a display of the picturesque, such an ordered maelstrom of action, such a symphony of revelry, all so lavishly illuminated, as to make the Mad Nero or the equally cruel Caligula realize in envy—could they be there—how puny were the efforts of the Great Roman showman.

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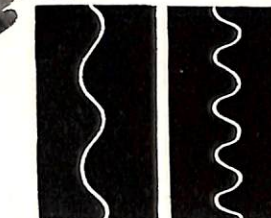
but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

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